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Success?

By ELSA FAUST '17 AND SADIE PORTER, '17.

The girl pushed back the papers she was correcting with a gesture of annoyance. Her Mother looked up with a gentle smile.

"Tired, Helen?" she asked.

Helen moved restlessly in her chair. "Yes, I am tired, I suppose," she answered moodily, and she stared frowningly into the little crackling fire.

There was silence in the small room for a while. The clock ticked busily from its corner by the chimney, and the lamp, boldly secure in its circle of light on the tiny table, stared defiantly at the grotesque shadows lurking in the corners and flickering on the walls. Presently, the girl got up, walked restlessly across the room, and pushing back the curtain, she looked out at the night.

Her Mother watched her with a worried expression in her faded eyes. At last she said gently, "Can't you tell Mother, what the trouble is?"

"Nothing is the matter," the girl answered a trifle sharply, as she turned from the window, and hastily began to gather up the papers. "That is,—nothing new, only I wasn't made for this kind of drudgery. I'm sick of being poor, and of never having things like other people. It's killing me by slow torture to drag out my existence, teaching dull, uninteresting

children, day after day. I just can't stay in this little, poky village any longer," and she caught up the papers impetuously, and flung them on the fire. With a tense flushed face, she stood watching them, as they flamed up, slowly dimmed, and at last died away into blackened ashes which the wind drew up the chimney with the smoke and carried forever away.

Her Mother's patient face grew distressed, as she listened to her daughter, and at last she ventured a trifle timidly,—"But Helen, I—I—thought you were happy with your work, and your future, and your wedding only a few months off."

"My future!" Her daughter laughed a little mirthless laugh. "My future is very uncertain just at present; I gave John back his ring tonight. What for? Simply because I don't intend to wear myself out on a farm, and become a drudge. I was made for something better than that. Besides," she went on more gently, seeing her Mother's sensitive face flush, "I wouldn't make him happy. I'm too high strung perhaps. We'd always quarrel. I know John wouldn't, but I'd make him. He'd grow bald and stout; I'd grow sour and homely. What would I be in twenty years' time? Old, wrinkled, and careworn,—and yes, hopelessly narrow."

She caught her breath sharply, and covered her face with her hands, as though to shut out

the picture she had conjured up. "Mother," she continued, walking up and down, with quick nervous steps, her voice vibrant with the intensity of her feeling, "Mother, I am young. I must really live! I must be something different! I want, oh, more than every thing in the wide, wide world, to act! To become famous; ah, to be a success!"

As she spoke, her face paled, and flushed, her dark eyes glowed, and she seemed lifted out of herself, as though she were the success, which she so ardently longed to be. Slowly the vision dimmed, and she continued more calmly. "I know I can act, if I only get the chance. I feel it! I know it! Ever since I spent my Christmas vacation with Cousin Ellen, I have thought of nothing else. The city, with its wealth of wonder, and light, its glorious opportunities, has called me. I can grow and expand there! I can breathe!"

She dropped on her knees, and pressed her Mother's work-worn hands against her hot young face.

"I'll succeed, I know I will, because I'll work,—Heaven knows how I will work,—and when I am famous, Mumsie dear, I will come back for you. You shall never be tired any more, and you shall live in a mansion, and shall wear wonderful jewels."

Her Mother stroked her child's hair gently, and she spoke almost sadly, "Dear," she said, "You are all the jewel I want, and where love is, one is never tired,—but, most of all, I want you to be happy."

The girl reached up and kissed her Mother softly. "Good-night," she said, and went out, closing the door gently behind her.

Her Mother sat for a long time, looking into the fire. At last she rose, and taking down a worn black volume, lovingly turned the pages over.

Helen tossed and turned. She could not sleep. Why didn't Mother come to bed? Finally she tiptoed down the stairs, and softly opening the door, she looked in. The fire had burned low, and cast its fitful gleams on her Mother, as she lay back in her chair with an expression of tranquil peace on her sweet face. The work-roughened hands clasped a

shabby, black book tenderly. As Helen bent over her, a marked passage caught her eye.

"Peace I leave with you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Reverently, she closed the Book. A tender strain, like that of distant music, seemed to echo and re-echo in her heart.

So Helen went to the city, where she could breathe. She left the country with its green fields and blue skies, its dewy morns and dusky eves, its pure sunlight, and the songs of birds. She left her white-haired Mother, with her placid brow, and gentle smile, because she felt she was made for something better.

* * * *

Let us pass but lightly over the years that followed,—her struggles, disappointments, failures, and achievements. Years, when success seemed a wandering dream, and failure a flaunting reality! Years of hardships and obscurity, of poverty and bitterness! Let us touch upon the long twenty years that have fled away but gently, as a tale that is told, and turn once again with thankful hearts, now that success has crowned these years, to the girl, who came to the city that she might live and breathe.

We hear her fame echoing from across the seas, and the roar of many voices proclaiming her glory. We see her name, thrown up in flaming letters, against the skies, and hear it heralded in the street. And we know that her wish has been granted, many-fold, and that at last success is hers. We think, as we listen to the praise and admiration so freely bestowed upon her, that surely her cup is full. She is renowned and honored, feted, envied, admired, and beautiful. Surely she has nothing left to wish for—but let us pause and glance at our heroine, just to be sure.

In a luxurious room in the most exclusive hotel in New York city, a beautiful woman, in the prime of life, exquisitely gowned, paced restlessly up and down. She went to the window, looked out, and as her name flashed into view out of the darkness, and disappeared, only to reappear again, a little smile lighted up her face for an instant, then it was gone.

"Why is it," she asked herself, half angrily, "that when I have everything that the world and success can give, I can't enjoy it as I should? That something seems lacking? Why am I not thrilled with the triumph of it? There is nothing more in the world to want; I have it all,—success, renown, fame, position, wealth, and beauty. What else is there? And yet I am not happy, as my Mother is happy. How pleased she will be with my latest success!"

Even as she spoke, her maid entered the room with a telegram. With an indefinable dread numbing her heart, Helen waited for the maid to hand her the missive. Slowly she opened it, and read the few words. They repeated themselves in her brain, but they brought no intelligence. She passed her hand across her eyes in a confused manner, and read it again.

At last, she understood. "Your Mother is dying, come at once," the message ran. With a sinking heart she turned to the window, and looked out. Just then her name flashed into sight; shuddering, she turned away. The words rang in her ears, as she hurriedly made her preparations for departure. She could not get away from them. Her Mother, the only person she loved in the world, and who loved her, was dying!

On the train she gave herself up to bitter reflection. After a time she dozed, but it was only to wake again with a start, and remembrance brought its bitter sting.

As she neared home, morning dawned, bleak and gray, and cold dark clouds went scurrying across the sky. When at last she was put down at the little white gate, which opened on the gravelled path, she thought of how many times her Mother had walked it with her, and then the thought flashed through her brain, "She never will again." For suddenly she felt that her Mother had passed beyond the valley.

Scarcely conscious of what she felt or thought, she entered the house. She was sensible of kind hands assisting her, and of looks of pity, when she tried to whisper her Mother's name. Refusing the food which they offered her, she entered the room to which they silently pointed.

Her Mother lay with her hands crossed above her faithful heart, and on her gentle, peaceful face, was the sleep that knows no waking. Helen stood looking down on her. From somewhere back in her memory, these words came silently back like ghosts of empty lives, which someone had spoken a long time ago. "When I am famous, Mumsie dear, I will come back for you, and you shall never be tired any more. You shall live in a mansion, and you shall wear wonderful jewels."

Ah, how true they were! The patient hands and faithful heart were forever stilled, and she would never be tired any more.

With a hoarse sob, Helen threw herself down by the bed. A deep shudder passed through her, and then she was very still. A gentle wind moaned in the October bleakness.

* * * *

The opening night at The Empress Theatre was all that had been predicted. The famous star surpassed the wildest expectations, and the applause shook the house, and thundered and rose and died away only to return again as the world arose and paid homage to the greatest artist of her day. In response to the applause, the brilliant star came back again and again, and graciously smiled her thanks to the insistent audience.

Could the World as it took its way home that night, extolling the beauty, praising the success, and envying the fame, of the Season's Star, have seen her, as she sat alone in her great rooms, perhaps, it would have envied her little, and wondered much.

Helen, the star of the evening, sat with her head bent upon her hands, and in her hands was clasped a little shabby book. She raised her head. All of the vivid color and sparkle of the evening were gone, and she looked haggard and old. As she opened the Book, her eye fell upon a pencil-marked passage. Again she read the words, "Peace I leave with you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

The tender strain of distant music, awakened in her heart in the far off years, swelled and deepened, and softened, until it seemed like an anthem, played upon harps of gold.

Jimmy's Day Dream

"Jimmy Gray, You pay attention to this lesson and keep your eyes on your book." And, as if to give more force to her words, the teacher accompanied them with the loud rapping of a ruler on her desk. "And," she continued in the same imperious manner, "stop slouching down in your seat and sit up straight."

Jimmy Gray, the person to whom these pointed remarks were so forcefully addressed, slowly raised himself in his seat, and, placing his hand under his chin as a support for his curly head, bent his gaze on the opened book which lay on the desk before him.

But try as he would, he could not study. His longing eyes would inevitably turn in the direction of the half-opened window, through which the songs of the birds and sweet smelling odors of lilac blossoms were wafted in on the gentle breeze. And, as he sniffed the balmy June air, his face brightened up and the faintest trace of a smile played over his round, dimpled cheeks; but only to suddenly disappear when he again turned back to his book. There was something about that book which he did not like, for as he turned the leaves with his stubby fingers, his face bore a look of great disgust, and he yawned frequently. He was getting drowsy.

Suddenly his eyes closed, his hand fell lifelessly down by his side, and his head leaned forward of its own weight.

And now for Jimmy the scene was changed. He was no longer caged up in that hated school room. Oh, no.

He was in a far better place. He was out on the ball field with his gang, and somehow or other, he was in the midst of an exciting game. He was pitching for the Ant-Eaters against the Tigers. And, best of all, he was pitching a winning game. Hadn't he just struck out Bricky Blake, the best batter of the Tigers? If he could only pitch the Ant-Eaters to victory today, his fame would be secure. And here it was the eighth inning and Slim

Jones, a poor hitter up. For once, however, Jimmy's curve didn't break right and the batter sent up a high fly to left field. "But what of that?" thought Jimmy. "Isn't 'Red' Smith out there waiting for it to come down?" But Jimmy hadn't taken into consideration the many things which might happen. And, alas, one of those things did. "Red" Smith had actually muffed that fly.

Jimmy's face flushed, he clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. At that moment he saw all his hopes and aspirations wiped away, and unable to restrain himself longer, he burst out.

"Hey, there!" he yelled in terrible tones, as he madly fanned the air with his fists "You big, red-headed, freckled faced, butterfingers, why didn't ya catch that ball?"

The force of the outburst had a wonderful effect upon Jimmy. Of a sudden, the baseball field and the players seemed to fade from view; and the next thing he knew he was rubbing his eyes and staring around him in amazement. What a change had taken place.

Here he was in the same old school room, with the same old teacher, who was roundly berating him for his disgraceful conduct. But that wasn't the worst of it. There was Red Smith who sat in front of him, shaking his fist at him, and hissing, "Call me a red-head and worse names, will you? Wait 'till I get a hold o' you after school." And "Red's" manner indicated that he meant business.

Jimmy turned his eyes from the revengeful "Red" Smith toward the front of the room. But there they found no relief. They only gazed into the flaming eyes of an irate teacher, who nearly overwhelmed him by the force of her eloquence.

"What do you mean, young man, by crying out in school in that manner and using such horrible language?" she demanded indignantly.

Jimmy didn't answer, but as he opened his book, he heaved a heavy sigh.

By JOSEPH B. SULLIVAN, '18

How the War has Effected Us

By HAROLD S. SMITH, '17.

As everyone knows, our nation has come to the greatest crisis in its history, and has been forced to enter this awful, world-wide war, in order to protect its people from the iron hand of Imperialism. Consequently, it is a time when each and every one of us, as citizens of this great country, must unite to work and fight for its preservation. In a broader sense, we are fighting for humanity, civilization, and to establish a world-wide peace. *Fighting for peace.* This, indeed, is a paradoxical statement, yet it is nevertheless true.

When first the news that the United States had entered the war came to us, we, as pupils of the High School could foresee no way in which this action would effect us. The majority of the boys were too young to enlist, and because our enemies were three thousand miles away, the whole affair seemed more a dream than a reality.

On the sixteenth and seventeenth of April, we were called to our Assembly Hall, where the speeches of Professor Haven, Mr. Howard, and our principal, in regard to the coming food shortage, placed before us vividly, and in a new light, our critical position. Here is the tiny niche in this great war, which we *can*, and should *fill*. We must bend all our efforts to the cultivation of food products. The work was outlined by our townsmen, and our schoolday was shortened to give us more time to devote to this object. Two problems at once confronted us. Whether or not to have a class play, the rehearsals for which were held in the afternoon, or a baseball team, which claimed every afternoon, some fifteen or sixteen of our strongest boys. After some discussion by students and faculty, it was decided to give up the senior class play, and to cancel the baseball schedule. The giving up of baseball was a sacrifice to those who had looked forward to a successful season, yet they realized it was a time when selfish pleasures must be set aside. To do the big thing, to be of service to the nation, was the feeling which took hold of the boys, and

prompted them to this action. When the principal made the final announcement, they expressed their patriotism by hearty applause.

That splendid spirit of "never-say-die", which the Needham boys have always shown in their athletic contests, should now be bent to the more difficult, and less attractive occupation of farming. Let us now endeavor to carry through what we have started, and a day will come when we can look back with a sense of pride, knowing we did our part to help our country in time of need.

The Wrong Pocket

By RAYMOND A. SNOW, '17.

With a sigh, James Black, a prosperous young assistant cashier in the employ of the First National Bank of New York, closed the huge ledger, over which he had been industriously working. Monday was always a hard day at the bank, and visions of a good hot supper and a soft bed floated in young Black's mind, as he climbed from his high stool, and went to his locker for his coat and hat. Charles Purcell, the cashier, was just leaving his cage, as Black was slipping on his light overcoat.

"Wait a minute, Black, and I will walk along with you," said Purcell.

"Hurry up!" returned Black.

Purcell, who shared Black's locker, hastily procured his hat and coat, nervously lighted a Fatima, and joined Black at the massive entrance of the building.

"You look tired," Black remarked, as the two hurried down Broadway in the face of a northerly gale.

"To-day has been a busy day," the other replied, looking sharply at Black, and inhaling a deep draught of smoke.

"I'll admit that. I feel the effects of it myself. I intend to retire early tonight. By the way, I see they caught the absconder who appropriated several thousand dollars from the vaults of the Commonwealth Trust in Boston."

"Oh! er they did?" answered Purcell, with a sharp intake of breath, "Who was it?"

"The cashier, so the paper said. Too bad. I knew him slightly. Seemed like a nice fellow. Well, I guess I will leave you here. This is my street. Good-night."

And, leaving Purcell, who gazed after him with a startled air for a moment, Black turned sharply down 37th Street.

He finally reached his boarding house, and unlocking the door with his pass key, wearily climbed the short flight of stairs, walked the length of the narrow corridor, and entered his room. He turned on the gas, and after hanging his hat and coat in the small closet and donning his smoking jacket, settled down in his comfortable arm-chair. Fortune had not smiled on young Black so far in his life and nobody knew it better than young Black himself. He was having, in fact, a hard time to make both ends meet. He had developed a love of gambling, through a friendly little poker game one night at a friend's house, and this lure had gradually gotten possession of him, so that two or three nights a week he would be a participant in some neighborhood poker game. He won a few times, but more often he lost. His total capital at that moment was twenty-three cents, and pay day was three days off. He had tried unsuccessfully that day to "touch up" the teller for a ten dollar loan. Black heaved a sigh and reached for his meerschaum. Well, he would get along somehow. After he had his meerschaum drawing smoothly, he went back to the closet to get his evening paper, which he had neglected to take from his over-coat. As his hand slipped into the inside pocket of his coat, it encountered a small package.

"What can this be?" thought Black and he wonderingly drew out a small oblong bundle. It was a package of crisp new hundred dollar bills. Where did they come from? Who put them there? were the first thoughts that went hurtling through Black's brain, as he nervously handled the small parcel. A consignment of new bills had arrived at the bank just that morning. Black nervously counted them. There were five thousand dollars in all. Here was money to pay up his gambling debts with

and to square himself financially with the world. But no! Black lacked the necessary nerve and courage to appropriate such a large sum. Somebody in the bank had stolen them, and, wishing to throw suspicion on him, had planted them in his pocket. But who could be the guilty one? It couldn't be any of the other clerks, for they had no access to the money. Could it be Brown, the teller? No! He had been in the company's employ for years, and was thoroughly honest. Purcell wouldn't stoop to theft either, nor would Clark, the assistant cashier. It must have been somebody lower. But the guilty one could be found later. He would go right to the president's house and tell him everything.

But wait! A sudden panic came over Black. What proof had he that he, himself, was not guilty. How could he prove that somebody else had put the money in his pocket. He had been in the cage that day on an errand and had been seen entering it. And then again the teller, from whom he had tried to borrow ten dollars, knew he was desperately in need of funds. Why wouldn't the suspicion just as likely, if not more likely, fall on him? He could see visions of the headlines in the morning paper, "Bank Clerk Suspected of Theft. Five Thousand Dollars Found on his Person." He could imagine the bothersome and embarrassing, if not fatal, investigation. What could he do? His hand shook and beads of cold sweat appeared on his forehead. He nervously relit his pipe and paced the room. He could not face that cruel investigation and the probable outcome of it. He would leave the country. Send the money back by registered mail, procure a ticket for the first boat to South America, and begin life again under an assumed name. The plan suited him wonderfully.

He hastily wrapped up the bills, scribbled the address on the package, and slipped it into his pocket. Then throwing a few necessities into his suit case, and writing to his landlady a hasty note which he left in a conspicuous place, he turned out the gas, hurried down stairs, into the cool air, and directed his steps to the nearest postoffice. There, after mailing

his package, he slipped into a telephone booth, and calling up the Chilian S. S. Co., found that the S. S. Cleveland would leave at seven thirty for Peru. He hastily looked at his watch. It was then seven fifteen. Just enough time! He reserved his ticket, and slamming the door of the booth, grabbed his suit-case, and hurried out of doors. He hailed a passing taxi, and giving the chauffeur his directions, jumped in, and in a second, was being whirled through the city traffic towards the docks.

* * * *

Five prosperous years for Black have now passed. He now has, under the name of Henry Judkins, a fine position with Jacobs, Jacobs, and Reis, stock brokers, in the city of Calisto, Peru.

One evening, while dining in a fashionable cafe, a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. Black started and looked up.

"Why! if it isn't my old friend, Brown, from the First National!" exclaimed Black, at the same time rising and shaking hands with his almost forgotten friend.

"I guess it is. Down here on a short vacation," replied Brown, taking a seat opposite his old friend, and ordering a couple of cocktails from the grinning waiter. "But what are you doing down here? You left us at rather an inopportune time. If Purcell hadn't confessed a few days later, I fear a pack of detectives would have been hot on your trail."

"Purcell! Not Purcell, the cashier," gasped Black.

"Yes. That's the one", returned Brown.

"Well, well, who would have thought it? But then," said Black, recalling the day when he had walked home with him, "I remember vividly now how nervous and agitated Purcell was that night. I thought nothing of it at the time. I considered it the result of a hard day's work. I recall how startled and frightened he acted when the matter of the absconding cashier from the Commonwealth Trust Company was brought up. I might have suspected him. But what was his motive in planting the stolen money on me?"

"It seems Purcell placed the money in your

coat by mistake. You know he shared the same locker with you."

"Oh! I see. That clears up the mystery. Yes, I suppose I did show the white feather by skipping, but I did not have the nerve to face the investigation and all that."

"It did look rather queer, but I can understand how you felt," replied Brown. "Could I induce you to come back to your old job?"

"Thank you just the same, but there is nothing doing on that," answered Black. "I am well fixed here and the climate seems to agree with me. None of your stuffy old New York for me now. Well, let's forget it and drown our troubles. Here's to you, Brown." And Black raised a cocktail to his lips and drank to the health of his friend.

Life

By GLADYS SONNENBERG, '19.

It was the narrowest and dirtiest street I had ever seen. Everywhere was filth. The sidewalks seemed just wide enough to hold the rows of well-filled ash-cans. Ill-smelling refuse overflowed the shaky receptacles and filled the gutters, where tiny children, scarcely able to toddle, were playing. The Street was so narrow that it seemed as if the people on one side might lean out of the windows and shake hands with their neighbors across the way.

It was a most sultry summer day. The narrow doorways were filled with tired-looking women holding pale, heavy-eyed children in their arms. Here and there women talking in high pitched, complaining tones about the high cost of living were grouped about a tenement entrance. Down the street came the bent form of an old man, who seemed to have barely enough strength to push along his dilapidated little cart, half-filled with over-ripe bananas. "Ripa banans", he called indifferently, not in the least expecting anyone to buy. He reached the corner and stopped to wipe his grimy face with a soiled bandanna handkerchief.

A sudden "honk, honk" contrasted strangely with the sound of human voices, and almost

before I could realize what was happening, a majestic limousine, turning the corner sharply, dragged the poor little cart with its owner several feet before the frightened chauffeur could stop. The occupant of the car threw open the door and rushed out. It was a pretty girl, not over twenty, who said in a frightened voice, "Oh! what has happened, James?"

The eyes of the girl fell on the form of the poor street-vender, who lay unconscious with a gash on his face. A policeman was elbowing his way through the crowd that had gathered. Gently, he and the chauffeur lifted the old man into the machine. I heard the policeman say, "Hospital, three blocks to the right."

They drove rapidly away, the crowd dispersed, and the street again assumed its air of indifference.



THE FARMER'S HELPER

We sat by the neighbor's garden,
And looked at the weedy rows;
The morning sun grew warmer,
And scorched our blistered nose.

One by one came the army
Of bugs, who ate and gnawed;
And even on all the lettuce,
The cut-worms bravely sawed.

We thought of lime and poison;
Oh murder, what to do;
Of different ways to kill them,
As they ate in the morning dew.

We thought of hoe and shovel,
To save each pretty flower;
But we just sat there, earning
Our twenty cents an hour.

Frederick Howard, '17.

Extracting Chemistry

The "chem" class sat with folded hands,
And gazed at the teacher with expressions bland;
The teacher in charge shut his book with a slam,
And announced, "Tomorrow starts a two days' exam."

The horrified class awoke from its nap,
And stared at the teacher who was wiping his
"map";
The girls looked as though they were made out of
wax,
And the boys all found they had spines in their
backs.

"How far do we take?" one feebly gasped;
"Through the experiment which you had last,"
The teacher replied in an unmoved tone,
While the chemistry class emitted a groan.

As the class filed out, the teacher looked glad,
While the Seniors in Science were angry and mad.
On the following day a faithful few,
Ascended to the dusky lab's dim hue.

The boys were not absent on account of the rain,
But the brains of all had received a bad sprain,
Thus caused by using gray matter, they said;
But over the tests few tears did they shed.

The teacher observed, as he patted his curls,
That he pinned his faith to the trusty girls,—
But the bell summoned them all to the hall,
Where the President's message was read to them
all.

At the end of the period the principal said,
"First class omitted, the Seniors pass ahead."
The chemistry class just shouted like mad,
"Saved by a miracle, thrice doubled, by gad."

But the next day came and brought its cares,
As the outraged class trudged up the stairs;
And it faintly moaned, as it took its seat,
"Bad luck today, no chance to cheat."

So, blankly the class raised its eyes to the wall,
Where plainly inscribed were the questions all,
Dumbly they gazed, unable to speak,
Those hieroglyphics were certainly Greek.

Vainly they stared, and wildly they wrote,
Equations which captured the teacher's goat,
The statements made were stranger than fiction,
Completely ignored were English and diction.

When the test was o'er and the period ended,
Exhausted, the class to its own room wended,
The teacher reflected, "As painful as dentistry
It is, to extract from a class any chemistry."

S. PORTER, '17.

Memoirs of My Youth

By SADIE PORTER, '17

Sept. 23; I am disgusted with life! (I feel obliged to make this statement before I proceed with a more formal introduction, for safety only.) To think that I, Bert Mason, of all people, should find myself dumped into "Madame Fancelle's Fashionable Finishing School for Girls," is disgusting, to say the important function of my birth; but when least. If I were young enough, I would probably believe that I was born under an unlucky star, or that an evil genius presided at a person is almost eighteen, one no longer has any illusions about life.

On April 18, seventeen years, five months and five days afio, I made my first mistake. I was expected to be a boy, and characteristic of my later life, I, contrary to general expectations, decided to be a girl. No one, however, has regretted that first mistake of mine so much as myself. Not that I would like to be one of the many youths who are mainly fit for clothing store advertisements, and consist chiefly of conceit and cigarettes. No! I would like to be a *Man!* What wonderful doors of opportunity would be open to me then! What glorious achievements I could perform, and although I hate to speak of it here, what a little while it would take to comb my hair!

One month after my arrival in this inconsistent world, the awful curse of Bertella Ciceley Mason, was laid upon my bald and defenseless head. Had I been a boy, I should have been labelled as Cecil Bertelle; as it is, I have reduced my hideous nomenclature by various and devious means to "Bert."

My complexion is dark "black", Aunt Marie says. She also says that I wouldn't be bad looking if I didn't scowl, and carry my hands in my pockets. I can't see what my pockets have to do with my looks. As for scowling, I wouldn't deny her the pleasure, not to speak of the exercise (which I think is beneficial) that she derives from lecturing me, in attempting a reform.

You see Dear Diary, that I am embittered against my Aunt, but to her I attribute the in-

direct cause of my banishment, for I must term it so. The direct cause was, of course, merely an unfortunate incident which happened this way. It was one of those warm August evenings, when the mosquitoes feast upon you, if you don't exercise like a prize-fighter, and the perspiration makes you feel like a South Sea sponge, if you move. I had been out playing cricket with three of the boys next door. It was warm work, but we were having a great time when Ed Wheeler and his Sister drove up in his father's new seven-passenger, and asked us if we didn't want to take a spin. The boys accepted right away for all of us, but I said I'd have to go home first, and tell Mother. I didn't say "ask" with Enid Wheeler looking at me. She always does as she pleases.

Mother was evidently sitting in the twilight, as there was no light in the living-room.

"Mother, Enid and Ed Wheeler have asked me to ride, may I go?" I panted, as I rushed headlong into the room. It was quite dark, and I didn't notice that there were two people enjoying the dusk, instead of one, and I fell headlong into a big plump person's lap. I knew immediately to my great disgust, that it belonged to Aunt Marie.

"I-er-, excuse me, but why haven't you got any light,—I nearly broke my neck," I stammered impolitely, as I picked myself up.

"Can you go, indeed!" snorted Aunt Marie, who had just recovered control of her breathing apparatus. "You find my glasses that you knocked off, you disorderly child!"

I detested being called a child, especially with any adjectives attached.

"They're waiting for me Mother,—can I go? I'm sorry I knocked your glasses off," I remarked all in one breath. Turning on the lights, I searched frantically for the fallen spectacles. As I crawled about on my knees, I suddenly felt something crunch suspiciously. I looked at my Aunt. She was squinting crosseyedly. Cautiously, I removed one hundred and fourteen lbs., from the frail piece of glass, and picked it up.

"Holy St. Peters Nightshirt," I ejaculated, "they're broke!"

"Broken!" exclaimed my Mother in dismay.
"Bertella Cicely Mason, what TERRIBLE language!" gasped my Aunt.

"Then you don't think that he possessed—" I began politely,

"Etta," Aunt Marie interrupted rudely, "I really think it's time some stringent measures were taken. Bertella is growing up to be a rude, hoydenish girl. Her language is insufferable," and she blinked at me with one eye, while the other looked at the fringe on the portieres. "Hand me my bag, please; fortunately, I have another pair with me."

"Why Marie," faltered Mother, "I wasn't aware that Bertie—" Father entered the room just then, and of course everything had to be explained *fully*, to him. I don't want to say anything against my Father, but I *do* think that men are terribly nosy, sometimes. The result of the whole skirmish was, that I was not allowed to finish high school, with the friends of my youth, but was packed off bag and baggage, to this modern Bastille.

The girl who shares my cell is a fluffy little blond, and she does up her hair every night. We were both pretty homesick, and she cried gallons. I didn't cry, but my heart rose like a balloon, and stuck in my aesophagus. She is in bed now, and snoring horribly. It is almost ten and I must conform to the iron rule of this institution of torture, and seek my lonely pillow.

Sept. 25, I am getting acquainted. Some of the girls came to my room today, and we discussed life, in its various phases and surprises, including the Latin teacher's wig. Just because I discovered that she wore one, to cover her gray hair, she picks on me for all of the hard translation. *The way of the discoverer is hard.*

Oct. 31. Over a month has elapsed, Dear Diary, and I have been so busy being reformed that I haven't had time for much else. For a while I was so angelic that I grew quite worried over the symptoms, and was afraid I might grow wings most any moment. However, I am relieved, in a sense, for what has happened tonight proves I am normal, and I know I am not wanted in the Milky Way,

just yet. The incident to which I refer, is the climax to quite a long story, and I will have to begin at the beginning.

To begin with, the school is situated on a hill, a short distance from a small town. Quite frequently we are allowed to walk down there, to purchase necessities, such as ice-cream sodas, shoe-laces, candy, or postage stamps, provided that a teacher accompanies us. Naturally we have a favorite teacher, (A favorite usually has poor eye-sight, is slightly deaf in both ears, and conveniently dumb—at times) Our teacher possessed all of these angelic qualities, and every time we were fortunate enough to escape from the "fortress", we invited her to go with us. Most of us had generous allowances, and very little chance of spending them. *Such is the irony of fate.*

On my second trip to the town, "Famine," we called it, on account of its lack of eats, I saw a tall, handsome, dark-eyed young *man*, not a boy, understand, standing outside of the Drug-store. He was quite striking in appearance, and he had the charmingest little black mustache. I presume I must have stared, for he smiled, and bowed slightly. I felt very much embarrassed, and hurried along, but I couldn't keep him out of my mind. The next time I came to "Famine," a day or two later, I saw him again, and this time he bowed and smiled in a perfectly elegant manner. Of course I had to bow and smile, in return. Two of the girls were with me, and they were nearly wild with curiosity to know who my handsome acquaintance was. I felt pretty proud to be picked out like that, and would volunteer no information, but when we got back to the hill, Maud, the little blonde, pestered me so with questions that at last I invented some answers. "*Oh what tangled webs we weave when first we practise to deceive.*" I told her that I wasn't at liberty to tell his whole name, but his first was Walter, that I couldn't disclose his affairs if he didn't choose to himself, and that I really didn't feel like talking about it.

Maud was quite impressed, as I had meant her to be, but I wasn't prepared for the notoriety that followed me, due to her press-agent

abilities. I soon learned that I was in love with a disinherited heir-to-something, and my Father had separated us because he had disapproved, but the broken-hearted aspirant had followed to where he might feast his eyes upon me, if not to speak to me. They said that probably accounted for my gloomy spells. (These "spells" were brought on by indigestion, caused by Aunt Marie's letters, written from a mistaken sense of duty) However I didn't deny the story, feeling that there was quite a distinction, after all, in being in love, even if it existed only in the minds of others.

To make a long story short we got acquainted, not by rules laid down in Baker's "Book on Etiquette." He took a great interest in the school, and asked me many questions about the girls, and if they were very wealthy.

We were planning on having a Masquerade, at the school on Hallowe'en night, and of course I told him about it. We were all to wear masks and dress as ghosts. We were to be allowed to dance until eleven and have supper at twelve. He was tremendously interested, and said he would like to come too, and seemed very much cast down when I told him that only girls were allowed. He thought a moment, and then told me that he had hit upon an excellent plan. He said that he could dress as a ghost and wear a mask, and no one would be the wiser. I was worried, and said I didn't think it would do, but he groaned, and said that he guessed I didn't like him any more, and that he would go away, and try to bury his sorrow in the Eastern Deserts. Visions of his bones, whitening on the burning sands flashed through my brain, and I begged him not to think of such a thing, and promised to help all I could.

Well, we made our plans. I was to leave the great gate, that leads into the grounds unfastened. There is a tall fence all the way around the place and I was to let him in the dining-room through one of the French windows.

When evening at last arrived I was as nervous as a witch, and it didn't seem so much of a lark, as I thought it was going to be. Everything went all right, and he got into the dining-

room without any one suspecting him. The rooms all looked terribly owly, with their green lights, and as we stood under one, I happened to glance up at him. He looked about seven feet high.

"Crouch down some, can't you? I whispered, "You look like Bunker Hill"

He did as I suggested, but he looked so queer that I laughed; then he did.

"Hush," I snapped, "none of us have bass voices,—can't you be more considerate?"

When we reached the drawing-rooms, the girls were dancing, and we started in. He got separated from me after a while, and I was wondering where he was, when I heard someone whisper something about "tall ghost" and "suspicious". Instantly a cold chill ran down my spine, and I hurried off to find him. I couldn't find him anywhere, and at last I decided that he had gone home. Some one had stepped on my gown and torn it, so I ran over to the dormitories, to get some pins to fix it. It was quite dark in that wing of the house, and deserted too, as all of the girls were down stairs.

Just as I came out of my room, I heard a little noise down the corridor. One of the girls must have come over for something too, I decided,—guess I'll wait and scare her when she comes along. She would have to pass me, as the stairs were at my end of the corridor. Sure enough, a sheet clad figure glided by, and stopping, turned the knob of the door almost opposite mine, and went in.

"That's Lillian Decker, I wonder what she wants, perhaps she forgot to powder her nose." I thought disgustedly.

"She was gone so long that I had decided that she had retired, and was just on the point of going back and enjoying myself, when she came out. She acted so unusual that I watched, instead of trying to frighten her. She threw aside her ghostly apparel and seemed to be hunting through numberless pockets for something. At last an exclamation of annoyance broke from her, and I started as though struck. It was not Lillian Decker, but my missing friend! What was he doing up here in Lillian's room? All at once it

dawned on me. Lillian was the richest girl in school, and had many valuable rings and pins. This was the reason for his great interest in the school. This was the reason why I had been duped into helping him enter the building. Apart from my humiliation and anger, appalling visions of the State Prison rose before me. Then I became all at once very courageous. He shouldn't escape, I determined, even if I spent the remainder of my days behind iron bars. I watched him until I saw him start for the stairway, and then I darted after him, and catching him by the foot as he stepped down the first step, I precipitated him headlong down the stairs. At the same time, I uttered a loud scream. He was taken by surprise, and tangled in the sheets as he was, he could not easily regain his footing. He struck me several times, and called me names that he never got out of the Bible, or Webster's Unabridged, as we made our way rolling, struggling, and bumping, downward. We were almost at the bottom when I heard voices, and as Madame and five or six teachers followed by a sea of ghosts rushed out into the hall, my captive and I rolled in a confusing heap of sheets at their feet.

Madame uttered a loud shriek, and the rest took up the refrain.

"Help, Madame! You're big and fat, sit on him quick, or he will get away" I gasped.

Madame nobly came to the rescue, but he would probably have escaped if the janitor hadn't appeared on the scene just then. When they had taken our Masquerader away, the girls crowded around me and told me how brave I was. In spite of the fact that my nose was bleeding, and I was sore all over with knocks I had received, I sat staring dazedly at something in my hand. It was a tiny black mustache. *Oh, what a delusion is man!*

I will pass over but briefly what followed, because details are wearing sometimes. Suffice it to say that I probably would have been expelled, when Madame discovered my part in the night's proceedings, if she hadn't heard me say I hoped I would be. The sentence imposed on me is a lasting punishment. I can't go to town again this year, and a miserable

man is to blame for it all. *Moral: Never trust a man.*

Nov. 15; As all the girls I chum with had gone to "Famine," I wandered about the grounds alone, the other day. There was a cold breeze blowing, which sent the brown, withered leaves flying hither and yon. "How like my life," I reflected bitterly, as I saw them torn rudely from the parent tree, and sent by the heartless wind out into a cold, gray world. Ah, little leaves, I can sympathize with you, for I, too, was heartlessly dragged away from home and thrust into a dungeon! Now I am to remain forever behind iron bars except on Sundays, when I am taken to Church. There we sit for hours receiving Manna. For my part I'd rather have a chew of gum. All at once my foot struck something, as I paced like Napoleon, back and forth, and stooping down, I brought up from beneath the leaves, a box of Murads.

That evening, I took them out of my pocket, and said carelessly, hoping to shock Maude and some of her silly friends, who were boring me to death with their childish prattle, "If you ladies don't mind, I believe I'll light up."

"Bert Mason, you don't ever smoke!" came in a shocked chorus.

"Oh, not regularly," I replied, as I lighted one. They watched me with round, interested eyes. Had it not been necessary for me to breathe, I should have done very well, but when I got my mouth full of smoke (I intended blowing it out in pretty little rings as I had seen the boys do) it went down my wind-pipe, and the result was I nearly strangled. However I was not to be beaten by a little cigarette, and I persevered. By the time I had finished the first one, I was doing pretty good, but when I got to the middle of the third, I began to feel unusual, and lying down on the floor I said faintly, "I am dying, please send a lock of my hair to my Mother."

The girls were awfully scared, and ran for Madame. When she arrived I was saying good-bye to my supper, out the window. Madame sniffed, and said she smelled smoke. I don't see how she could, for the girls had emptied Maude's perfume all over the place,

and it smelled for all the world like a ten-cent store.

I recovered all right, and was just congratulating myself that I had got out of that pretty fine, when the Latin teacher overheard some of the girls talking about it. Thanks to her, I am banished for a week, from human society, but not from lessons. Oh dear no! The bewigged angel is coming herself to hear them. I'm so fond of that teacher that I wish she would go to Heaven right away,—or wherever it is that she is bound for. Here she comes now; good-bye, Diary.

Mar. 20; I believe I must be in love, I become hot and cold by turns, and have no appetite, and feel queer in general.

Apr. 20; I wasn't in love at all, I only had the measles coming on. Anyway I didn't think I'd be so foolish again, when my first experience resulted so disastrously, and left me only a broken heart, and a black mustache. "*Frailty, thy name is woman.*"

May 30; There are a few surprises left in this world, and I got one of them the other day. I am Home! The school didn't finish me quite, and I am going to Europe! Father has business which is taking him over there, and Mother thinks it will be a good opportunity for me to see some of the Globe, before I come out next fall. (Just between you and I, Diary, I don't intend to come out at all. I have no use for the frivolous life of a society

bud, or blossom, either. I want to be a nurse or a landscape gardener, or an aviator. I haven't decided which one I'll be yet, so I haven't said anything to Mother. I don't want to worry her until we get started, anyway.) When I left the prison, Madame seemed quite sorry to have me go, and startled me very much by pecking at me in the region of my left eyebrow. For fear that she might have left a germ there, I wiped it off, as soon as I was a convenient distance from the house.

We leave for the Old country in two weeks. I am planning on having a great time on the trip across. I hope my family will be seasick all the way. Not seriously, you know, but just enough to keep them in bed, because I overheard Aunt Marie tell Mother that she would have to keep her eye on me, as the Wheelers were sailing on the same boat. I am eighteen now and beyond the need of anybody's supervision.

Here comes Father, and he looks as though he had some information on the subject of mountain-climbing. He's a duck, and we are going to have some great times together. Au revoir, dear Diary, maybe I will be able to sell you when I return, whether a Frenchman says "thank you," when he gets stung, or an Englishman really says, "By gad—I'll be dashed, and don't you know" as the Magazines imply, or if they are really normal like the rest of us. This really is the end, good-bye.



OR OWN AGONY PAGE By Howard



Under a Cloud

By HAROLD S. SMITH.

On a chill fall afternoon, as the football team of Louisiana State University trudged toward the locker room after practice, the men talked among themselves in low and rather excited tones. The coach had asked every player to come to the billiard room when they had changed their clothes.

"What's the row now, Mosey, old stick-in-the-mud?" asked Richard, or better "Dick", Jefferson, throwing his arm over his chum's shoulders. Dick was a senior in Louisiana, and son of a wealthy cotton grower, who was a direct descendant of the noted statesman and President. Naturally, he was proud of his boy and expected he would uphold the honor of his family name.

"It's about some stolen signals. You know someone gave Virginia our plays, and that's why they cancelled the game for Saturday."

"You don't think any of the squad could have done it, do you?"

"I'd hate to think so, Dick."

By this time they had reached the gymnasium, and nothing more was said until they had all assembled in the billiard room. The coach was seated at one end, with two Virginia players at his right, and at his left a Louisiana man, named George Siebert. Siebert's mean, sneaky nature kept him from making friends, and he was generally regarded as a crank.

"Boys," said Coach Watson, "in all my experience, I have never faced a situation like the present. A diagram of our plays, with signals, was sent to Virginia University three days ago. Captain Wilkinson here, has brought me this letter which he received Monday evening. At his request, I have compared the writing with that of every man here, and"—a pause ensued, during which the heavy breathing of Watson seemed to echo in the room—"I must ask Dick Jefferson to explain."

"Me! You-you-you think I sent them!" cried Dick, jumping up. The accusation fairly staggered him. He, who had worked with all his power for four years to make the team a success, was now accused of committing one

of the worst crimes a college boy could do. It made his brain whirl.

"Is that your writing?" said Watson, holding out the letter, which Dick in his excitement, gave but a hasty glance, then conscious that all eyes were on him, he murmured in a dazed way, "Yes, but I did not send the letter."

"Mr. Siebert claims to have seen you write it. Give your account, Siebert."

Siebert stood up, put his hand in his pocket, and took it out, then while his shifty eyes travelled over the group, explained how he had come upon Richard talking to a thug from the village, and had seen him give the man some money and the letter.

"Liar! Kick him out!" rang out from the players, and had not the coach held the boys back, George Siebert would have received some rather harsh treatment.

"Wait a minute, fellows," and going to the door, Watson brought in Dick's supposed accomplice, a nondescript, characteristic town parasite, named Taylor. In answer to several questions, Taylor supported Siebert's claim.

Again the men showed signs of restlessness; they were not willing to believe such a charge again Dick, a veteran player of three years, and a fellow liked by all.

"Well Dick, for the present I must ask you not to report for practice, yet I hope something will turn up to prove your innocence," concluded the coach, and dismissed the meeting.

Downhearted, Dick extricated himself from the group of sympathizers which formed about him, and set out for a walk to think it over. Dropped from the team a week before his last game; he couldn't realize the situation. On the campus, he came face to face with Siebert, who snarled at him, "Traitor are you?"

Dick stopped, and clenched his fists, "You're a damn low-down sneak, and you know it," he snapped.

Siebert's face paled, he lurched toward Dick, who white with anger, and thinking Siebert was about to strike him, planted a swift uppercut on the thin, white jaw of his accuser. Siebert fell forward and lay still. The fall brought Dick to his senses, and bending over

the form on the ground, he tried to raise it into a sitting posture. It was rigid, and the glassy eyes glared off into space. He put his hand over Siebert's heart,—it was still.

"Good G—" muttered Dick, passing his hand over his forehead in a dazed way.

A crowd soon gathered, and while Siebert was rushed to the hospital, Dick sought his room. Opening the door, he started back. There lay Siebert stretched out before his desk,—no—now he was gone. Sick at heart, Richard sat down and wrote two farewells, one to his fiancee and one to his family. He left a short note for his room-mate, and at midnight, stole quietly down stairs out into the night, and was gone. The same night, an autopsy on Siebert's body showed he had died from a strange case of apoplexy, not from the blow Richard had struck him.

While down town a few days later, Watson felt a hand tap him on the shoulder, "Say, Chug, can I see youse a minute?" said Taylor, and taking Watson's arm, led him into a saloon.

"Get me a drink," commanded Taylor, "I want to talk about Dick."

Then Taylor told the coach how he had been paid to lie, and that Siebert had sent the signals to Virginia, knowing that the rival school would undoubtedly defeat Louisiana, using the information he had sent. Then, since the present odds were in favor of Louisiana, he would be able to rake in considerable money through bets.

"I'm tellin' you this," concluded Taylor, "cuz Dick's ol' man wuz good to me onect, 'n I don't fergit it."

"Will you tell the story to the college, Taylor?"

"Yeh, guess I'd better play fair fur onect."

So Richard Jefferson's record was cleared, and without his knowledge.

* * * *

Two years passed, again it was Fall. A horseman was approaching a small village in Peru, nodding sleepily in the saddle. All that could be heard was the crunch, crunch, crunch, of the saddle cinches, and the regular swish of the horse's tail. Coming to the main street, the horse quickened his gait.

"Smatter Sal?" asked the rider, patting his horse's neck, then seeing an excited crowd just ahead, he drove up, and dismounting at the saloon door, climbed the steps, in order to see over the crowd.

A man lay stretched out dead, with his wide-opened eyes turned toward the saloon. The horseman paled under his coat of tan, tottered up against the door casing and put his hand over his eyes. A wonderful change had come over the dead Peruvian;—he became a tall, thin, white American, and he no longer lay in a dusty street, but on the green campus of a college.

Richard Jefferson staggered up to the bar, and called for a stiff whiskey. He drained the glass in one swallow, then turned to look at the man next to him. Another surprise.

"Well I'll be damned! You old hermit you. Why didn't you let me know where you were, and then I wouldn't have had to go chasing all over creation for you?"

"Mosey!" cried Dick.

The two friends shook hands vigorously; then "Mosey" literally dragged his friend over to a table, and planked him down into a chair.

"Now begin at the beginning," he commanded.

The next day the two friends sailed for the United States.



EDITORIALS

H.S.S.

In publishing the ADVOCATE this year, the staff has had one main object in view: the paper must be *modern*, both in style and composition. Endeavoring to make it really interesting to both outsiders and pupils, we have modeled it on the lines of up-to-date magazine. The cartoons and sketches are a feature which no previous ADVOCATE has had. Another element of change is the substitution of individual pictures of the class members for the old group picture.

This year, a surprising amount of interest was shown by the pupils in the ADVOCATE, with the natural result that we were able to get some first class material. The editors have been alive to their opportunities, and all have contributed, and worked hard to produce a worth while sheet. A great interest in our work was taken by the English teacher, who has aided materially by his suggestions, and by unearthing along different lines talent that we did not realize the school possessed.

In making this radical departure in the form and substance of the ADVOCATE, from the rut in which it has trodden for so many years, we trust we have started it towards a higher standard. In closing, we sincerely hope that future ADVOCATES may be enlarged, enlivened, and brought to the highest possible literary plane.

Since there are so many new teachers at

school this year, we feel that in view of the fact that much has been accomplished, we should introduce them to our readers.

Mr. Merry, our principal, is a man liked by all. His quiet, yet forceful manner has earned for him the respect of every pupil. An excellent teacher, he has several new ideas which tend toward efficiency in his subject, mathematics. Always has Mr. Merry taken an active interest in any class or school matter; so that he is regarded as a man whom we consult at any time, and in whom we confide all things.

Mr. Marzynski, who took charge of the English department in January, has created a keen interest in his subject, by his up-to-date and co-operative methods. Although his system is methodical, he has so broadened the course that it has been made one of lasting benefit.

Miss Bernau, our new commercial teacher, has taken a great interest in her pupils, and her untiring efforts have produced praiseworthy results. She has found positions for several of the seniors, so that some were able to start work before the close of school.

Chemistry and physics are now taught by Mr. Damon, a young man, very popular with the boys. He carried on the work much as Mr. Bunker did, using laboratory methods almost exclusively.

The history class, after a rather rocky career, was finally taken over by Miss Kerr, who has continued the work creditably.

We believe the present force of teachers is as efficient as any we have had, and feel sure that in due time they will raise the standard of scholarship quite noticeably.

It is surprising how few people of high school age read the newspapers, aside from the sporting page or comic section. Most boys know more about the batting averages of Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker, the latest achievements of boxers and wrestlers, or the chances of Yale beating Harvard than they do about news of nation-wide interest. The average girl's interest in a newspaper lies in the "Sewing Circle," "Advice to the Lovelorn," etc. Of course such items as were stated above, do not benefit or instruct the reader, and it is consequently a waste of time to peruse them. To overcome this general fault, Mr. Marzynski, our English teacher, has adopted a plan which should stimulate interest in news of moment.

Every morning, between the opening of school and eight-thirteen, in the senior room, two or three important news items, or editorials by prominent men, are read from the morning paper, and discussed.

This new idea met with instant success, and a decided interest in now manifested by the pupils in the reading of these items. Since the plan has proved successful, and tends to enlighten a sluggish mind, we believe it would be well for the other classes to put into practice some such scheme for the benefit of the pupils. The effect is worth the effort.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

Again it is necessary for us to say a few words on the subject of school spirit, which is far from what it should be in the Needham High School. What is school spirit? Brief-

ly, it is to take an active interest in school matters, to support the different activities, and to do nothing that would harm Needham's reputation.

Some pupils seem to take delight in defacing the interior of our High School itself. At different times last year, a stranger might have seen the bust of George Washington smoking a cigarette and wearing a penciled mustache, or the worthy head of Daniel Webster topped by a crownless, dusty derby. Again, in room 5, the pail holding Demosthenes' rolls of parchment was labeled in bold letters, BEER. These exhibitions of wit amuse the pupils greatly, yet to a stranger entering the building, they give the impression of lawlessness, lack of respect, and a decided lack of school spirit.

Other examples of a waning school spirit may be cited. The football team received good support this year, mainly because of its success, but track and baseball were miserably slighted. To be sure, baseball did not have a chance this season, but even before it was known that we would cancel the schedule, no interest was taken in it. In the first place, this lack of support discourages those who take part, and they are unable to do their best work. Where the interest in school matters is at a low ebb, few candidates, aside from the usual crowd, report for the several sports; and in this way the teams are often deprived of good players.

Why is it that we cannot stimulate in ourselves a decided interest in our school? In order to have a school which would rank with the best in the state, we, the pupils, must work together for its welfare. Dismiss from your minds the idea that High School life is drudgery. Work with, not against the faculty. Strive to make the Needham High School an institution of which you are proud to be a member.

EDITOR.

Let us grant in the beginning that Needham High School does not rank among the very best high schools in the state, for, whether we will or no, the fact remains that it does not. But despite this fact, it does not seem exactly loyal or evident of school spirit to hear members of the high school continually making disparaging remarks about it. How many of you, who denounce the high school, get A's and B's in your studies, and how many are never guilty of breaking the laws of the school? Please remember, the next time you feel in a mood to criticize the school, that you are a member of that school and ask yourself just what you, yourself are doing to raise its standard.

JULIA CAMPBELL, '17.

ATHLETICS FOR GIRLS

Methinks that Needham High, was geographically *dislocated*. For very evident reasons it should be situated somewhere in the uncivilized parts of China. By this I do not mean that Needham is a Chinese settlement, and that laundries form the chief source of employment, nor that pigtails, chopsticks, and rice are prevalent, although the latter has been in great demand since the H. C. of L. hitched its ambition to a star. No! It has to do with a more important phase of civilization. For, Needham, High, like the proverbial Chinese parent, loves and cherishes its boys alone. The girls merely form a suitable background for these wonders of creation.

Of course these boys must have Athletics and an Athletic Association supported mainly by the school, assists them along this line. They have a football team and a baseball team. A coach is necessary for their success, and so a coach they have. Interested parents attend games, and everything is made as easy for them as possible. This last Fall the ladies' sympathies were enlisted, and through their efforts, blankets were bought for the football team, so that these fragile plants might not get frost-bitten while standing around waiting for their turn to play.

The girls? Oh Yes, they must be kept in their places. They are not important enough to bother with anyway, but in these times, with the women trying to get the franchise, and "butting" into politics, it's best to be on the safe side. No doubt they will develop into nice quiet old ladies at twenty-five, who prefer a tabby cat, or a man, to equality in politics, and a job on the elevated.

Girls should be strong. They need athletics just as much as boys. In the present crisis, when war is taking the men from their business, great is the demand for competent girls and women to take their places. Girls are wanted who can work hard all day without fainting before it is over. How can they do this work unless they are physically able. Anyone who is strong, and in perfect training can think to much better advantage than one who isn't.

Too many of us walk about with gracefully drooped shoulders. At least it might appear graceful to the casual observer, but to a teacher of hygiene, it would look like so many backs that should be straightened, and so many pairs of lungs that are denied the right to work to the best of their ability. "Setting-up exercises," given the first fifteen minutes before classes, would do a lot to remedy this evil. I don't see any reason why it could not be carried out successfully here, as well as in other High Schools.

But the point is this! *The girls need a gymnasium and need it badly.* Girls were not intended to sit on a sofa and sew a fine seam, while waiting for the Prince to arrive, who would magically change their names, any more than boys are expected to curl their hair and use perfume.

Come, girls, let's start a revolution in this Chinese institution. Perhaps we may do it as easily as they did in Russia. Talking is all right, but it isn't sufficient. It is very well to shout like Archimedes of old, when he jumped out of the bath tub crying, "Eureka, I have it." We may know what we want, but the next thing is to get it.

S. PORTER, '17.

WANTED IN NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL:—
An Anti-Ridicule Society

In this institution of learning, there is a highly efficient and well-organized system of ridicule. Its supporters are numerous, and the seniors as a class are experts in that line. In order to develop their talents for greater efficiency, they ridicule each other.

It is a sort of underground railroad system, which at first the newcomer does not suspect. Very shortly however, he comes to realize that it is one of the main courses offered at N. H. S. in Psychology.

It is highly beneficial in some ways. A person who is subjected to this system speedily loses whatever conceit he may have inherited or acquired. He discovers that he is a freak, and that freaks were put on this planet for people to ridicule. He is aware that whatever he says is idiotic, brainless or stupid, and of course, will be properly jeered at. After a time he becomes hardened, and joins ranks with the enlightened ones.

In its vigilance, the "system" allows no one to escape. Old or young, rich or poor, fat, thin, tall, short, pretty or otherwise, good, bad, indifferent, *all* fall under its ban. Everyone has some weakness or peculiarity, and it is the business of the "system" to point it out in all its ludicrousness. This is done more from habit, however, than with any deliberate intent.

However, those of us who belong to this system, and help promote it, do we, I wonder, ever stop to think of the harm that it does us? We can't hurt another person lastingly by making game of him, but the injury inflicted on ourselves, is lasting, and we shall carry the marks of it on our characters and lives, to the last day.

Yes, I know it's funny, sometimes, but if we continue picking out the faults of everyone we know, bye and bye, we shall not be able to see anything else. Every one is human. Everyone has faults. Let us try, rather, to see the good in everyone, and we shall be surprised at the *good* we will get out of life.

S. PORTER, '17.

ROSE-COLORED SPECTACLES

When we first arrive in this world, we are each one blessed with a pair of rose-colored spectacles. As we look through them, we see everything with a rosy glow about it. The sun is bright. The world is a delightful place to live in, and the future smiles invitingly before us.

As the years pass on, we think we are getting more experienced, when we say, and think, that the sun isn't very bright after all. The world is a hard old place to exist in and the future no longer holds pleasant surprises. No, that is not experience! The whole trouble is that our rose-colored spectacles have become dimmed with the dust of years. We cannot see things as they are.

The people who say, "this is a hard old world, nothing but care and trouble in it," have their spectacles so spotted and soiled, that they can't enjoy life very much.

Did you ever put on blue glasses for a few moments? Well everything looked blue and cold, and you were very glad to take them off and again enjoy the nice sunshine, weren't you? Now these people who have their rose-colored spectacles so discolored with smoke and dust, see as through blue glasses. They do not even know that they possess spectacles of any kind.

One can see as he looks down the long line of faces in a street car, or an elevated train, just how many have their spectacles darkened by the unhappy, tired, worn or dissatisfied expressions of the travellers. What a splendid thing it would be, if someone could only make these people understand about their spectacles and how necessary it is for their happiness that they keep them clean. With their specs, so soiled, they miss even the silver lining of their clouds.

For people who are continually blaming the world for all the evils that befall them, we would say, that the world is too good a place for most of us. We don't enjoy the blessings that we have. We have only to look around us, and note the blue sky, the warm sunshine, the green grass and the songs of the birds, all put here for man to enjoy, and I think, we

won't be able to find much fault with the world. If we stop to think, we will realize that the evils are man-made and the world has nothing to do with them whatever. What we need to do is to deserve to live in this splendid old world. If we keep our spectacles clean, it will help a lot.

S. PORTER, '17.

The fourth annual Prize Speaking Contest was held in the Town Hall October 18, 1916 under the auspices of The New Century Club. The proceeds of this successful contest went to the scholarship fund of the Parent-Teacher's Association.

Programme

Arranged to give diversity, and not to indicate in any way the ability of the contestants, or the merit of the selections.

Solo—"The Garden of My Heart" Mr. Loftus
 "The Mansion" Everett Leonard
 "Three Alarm Casey" Clifford Wye
 Music
 "Ole Mistis" Mildred McCormick
 "Almost Home" Muriel Kennedy
 "The Lost Word" Guy McIntosh
 "Angel's Wickedness" Dorothy Engstrom
 "The Three Godfathers" Paul Ryan
 Solo—"Mother Machree" Mr. Loftus
 Presentation of Prizes by Mr. J. A. Davis
 Judges—

Mr. J. A. Davis, Prin. Wellesley High School.

Miss M. L. Jackson, School of Expression.

Miss Alice Atwood, Wellesley High School.

The prizes were awarded to Mildred McCormack and Guy McIntosh.

CLASS ODE

(To tune of *Auf Wiedersehn*)

Strong Endeavor,—

This is the lesson of Life.

Virtue ever

Wins on the field of strife;

Sturdy for the Right, For God and the Light
 March we along with Hope ever strong,

March we along to the height,

Singing a song, life's joyous song.

On where Duty

Shines like a star in the sky,

Lives of beauty

Flow from Ideals high,

Bright with your bloom, then onward fair
 youth

There, where the Right is throned on the
 height.

Bearing the Banner of Truth.

Banner of truth, of truth and light.

Teachers, ever

Shall we remember your love,

Bright forever,

Shining like stars there above.

Hearts made of gold, for heaven be bold,

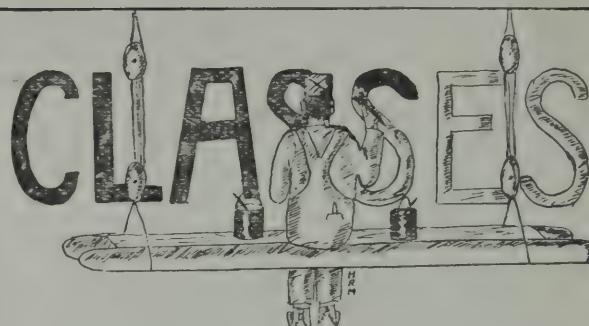
Strong wi htthe pow'r of youth untold.

Bright on your Banner be scrolled

The glory of life, of life is Truth.

M. HELEN FOX, '17.





Class of 1917

President Kenrick Whetton
 Vice-President Julia Campbell
 Secretary Dorothy Engstrom
 Treasurer Norman Crisp

When we say that we entered upon the fourth year of our studies in Needham High School feeling a keen sense of our own importance, we are following an old and time-honored custom. It seems that every senior class is supposed to make a note of the fact that they felt important and so we, as dutiful successors, follow the precedent.

The first matter of importance to be settled by the class was the selection of the class officers. Again our class showed its unwillingness to change and chose the same officers who were chosen last year.

Many members of the class were anxious to have a dance as soon as possible and showed their impatience in various ways, principally in finding fault with the president. The class finally obtained its desire and the dance was held in September 1916. After the seniors had spent all afternoon in decorating the school hall, it was discovered that there was no way of lighting it, and so, at the last moment, they were informed that the dance would be held in Association Hall.

The class settled down to work again after the dance, and nothing happened to mar its tranquillity until the question of a class play arose. To say that the members of the class

disagreed on this subject is to speak mildly. The majority wished a play and so it was decided that a play should be given. The question then arose as to whether the rehearsals should be held in the afternoon or at night. Mr. Marzynski offered his services as a coach on the condition that the rehearsals be held in the afternoon. Owing to the fact that the play was to be given primarily to make money, many thought that we should take advantage of Mr. Marzynski's offer and hold the rehearsals in the afternoon. This would leave out all those who work in the afternoon, and they naturally objected. After much discussion, the class voted to hold the rehearsals in the afternoon.

The play was chosen, the parts given out, several rehearsals were held, and even the day for the performance was set, when the hopes and ambitions of our young actors were nipped in the bud. The whole school was summoned to the assembly hall one morning in April and there it was announced that, in order to give the pupils of the school more time for farming in the afternoon, the school session would begin at eight o'clock in the morning and end at twelve-fifteen. Everyone was urged to take up farming as an occupation and to forfeit all personal ambitions. Naturally, the senior play was the first thing to be eliminated and, although conceit is unpardonable, each one admitted that he was doing a noble and patriotic deed. The girls felt themselves doomed to a particularly cruel state of martyrdom when they were requested

to dress in white middy blouses and skirts at graduation.

After the spring vacation each one settled down to work realizing the proximity of graduation. Only two things happened to disturb the quiet and serious studiousness of the seniors. One was the dance which was run for the benefit of the ADVOCATE. Notice well that it was run solely for the benefit of the ADVOCATE and do not accuse the seniors of turning their attention to frivolous subjects at a time of care and trouble. The other and more important event was the class picture. It was decided that instead of a class picture each one should have his pictures taken separately. Each day someone appeared with a number of pictures and asked his friends excitedly which ones they really liked. In spite of these frivolous actions, we feel that we have fulfilled our places as dignified seniors, and in leaving Needham High School, we lend our voices to the voice of the multitude and ask that our virtues, not our vices, be remembered.

Class of 1918

President.....	Frederick Whetton
Vice-President.....	Dorothy Norris
Treasurer.....	Victor Richwagen
Secretary.....	Florence Emery

The Junior Class has now reached the height of perfection. We are a little minus in quantity, but a little quality has wandered among us. We, as a class, are seldom tardy, are the first out after school, and we always take home plenty of things, over which we may bend our minds through the long hours of the night.

The Freshmen are the cutest crowd of Archibalds and Cecils that ever entered Needham High School. They range from fellows almost as large as Sophomores to children who seem hardly out of the cradle. But all things taken into consideration, they are passable Freshmen.

purpose of electing the class officers for the

Our first class meeting was called for the

year. The successful candidates are named above.

At our second meeting, after much discussion, we chose class colors and decided on our class rings. Finally, we determined upon crimson and white for our colors. The selection of the design for the rings was quickly decided upon. On returning to school after Thanksgiving, we received the rings.

The class dance was held in Town Hall, Friday evening, January 12, 1917, at eight o'clock. The members and friends of our class gathered at the hall, each dressed in his best "jeans and wallakatogs." The matrons of the dance were the mothers of the class officers. The fun began with an enjoyable waltz at eight-thirty. Excellent music was furnished by Fandel's Banjo Orchestra. Refreshments were served at intermission without any mishap, except that "Vic," our ice-cream man, had an agonizing stomach-ache, resulting from swallowing a whole quart of ice-cream at one gulp. At eleven-thirty, after a most enjoyable evening, we dragged our tired feet homeward.

"Ham" holds the record for being tardy just forty-nine times, from September to May. He arrived late, usually at the beginning of the third period. He was absent for a couple of weeks; otherwise, his record would have been much higher.

In the athletics of the school we have been well represented. Raymond Blades, Frederick Whetton, and Victor Richwagen received their letters in football. Raymond Blades, Frederick Whetton and Charles Sutton played hockey. Blades and Whetton played baseball.

In closing, let us state that we have passed a very pleasant year, and although we are sorry to lose the Seniors, we feel confident of being able to fill their shoes creditably.

Au revoir.

Class of 1919

President	Randolph Latham
Vice-President	Katherine Hughes
Secretary	Mabel Richardson
Treasurer	Robert Morrison

On entering school last September, we

were happy to find ourselves important Sophomores, and felt proud of being permitted to sit down stairs.

During the first part of the year the election of officers took place. Instead of holding a class meeting, ballots were distributed during school hours, and each pupil wrote on this ballot the name of the one he wished as candidate for each of the four offices. The two candidates receiving the largest number of votes, were nominated. The next day ballots were again passed out, and the officers were chosen as shown above. The election for president was about as exciting as the national presidential election, Latham being elected after receiving one more vote than his opponent.

The Sophomore class was represented on the football team by Sullivan, Latham, Booth, and Sullivan also ran on the relay team.

Our class seemed to be the only one having enough initiative to have a good time outside of school hours. The first class meeting was held for the purpose of having a sleigh ride. Although Randolph Latham was supposed to be chairman of this important meeting, Morrison seemed to be the central figure. Robert, as usual, did a great amount of talking. Everything was finally decided, and the sleigh ride proved to be a most successful one. Miss Merrill and Mr. Merry accompanied the party, and were very agreeable chaperons.

Many surprise parties were held among members of the class. Every one was out for a good time and greatly enjoyed himself. Many amusing incidents occurred at these parties. One in particular happened at the party given Lawrence Eaton. For information, go to Beatrice.

We all wish to thank Miss Merrill, our room teacher, for safely conducting us through the year, and also for keeping us after school for whispering, and other minor matters.

K. HUGHES.

Class of 1920

President Delbert Staples
Vice-President Dorothea Ryan

Secretary Orlo McCormick
Treasurer Gerard Studley

As becomes all Freshmen, the class of 1920 entered the Needham High School with a quaking fear of their 6 ft. 2 in. Principal. However, after we were acquainted with the way of High School life, and safely established in our various rooms, we found this feeling was not at all necessary.

Our first class meeting was called for the purpose of electing the class officers, whose names are stated above. We enjoyed our class meetings very much, especially the time when Nicholson was gracefully placed outside of the room door by several of the muscular members of the class. This treatment may seem a bit harsh, but we shall add that it was approved by the faculty.

As Miss Graves, our History Teacher, was leaving the school in December to guide one, instead of forty-one, our class wished to give her a remembrance, which David Murdoch manfully purchased. This gift was greatly appreciated by Miss Graves, but she was heard to remark that, instead of a silver pie-lifter, a carving set might be necessary for the pies she would make. However, we trust the pie-lifter will come in handy later.

Later, we were called together to arrange for a sleighing party. Even if we did select the coldest night of the year, many members attended and a good time was enjoyed by all. Where we went, we won't say, but perhaps some of us can remember when we went through a certain town that much calling of "Chick, Chick, Chick", was heard. We were not trying to steal any chickens from the roost, however. On this peaceful (?) ride, double guards were needed, and so we were chaperoned by Miss Merrill and Mr. Damon.

In football we did our share by furnishing Delbert Staples, David Murdoch, and George Twigg, on the team. Delbert won his "N". In baseball we have good prospects for assisting the team with both players and ardent fans.

Although we have enjoyed our first year in Needham High School, a very sad incident occurred near the end of it. Early one morn-

ing it was learned by the school that one of our most active members, Delbert Staples, had passed from our midst. Delbert had been chosen Class President and was very popular with the school. Never was a boy better liked than Delbert. He was always willing to help, and the class feels his loss deeply. But we shall always cherish his memory.

Yet with all of our shadows and sunshine, our class of 1920 have enjoyed the first year as Freshmen and if our examinations do not forbid, we are looking forward to the time when we shall be called Sophomores.

ORLO McCORMICK, '20.

(To Class of 1917) A CLASS-IC ODE.
I went for a walk on a summer's day,
And many strange things I saw on my way.

First, as I went through a field of rye,
I saw a farmer Whetton his scythe.

The farmer said, Stanley, I want to know Wye
You chased a steer through my field of rye?

Just then the Campbells came that way;
So I didn't hear what Stanley did say.

And as I went upon my way,
I saw a Fox intent on prey.

But I snapped a Twigg while I tried to spy;
And the Fox disappeared in the wink of an eye.

A cowboy on the scene did appear,
And I watched him attempt to Roper steer.

But his pony did prance as he angrily cried,
"Godfrey, Howard you like to have tried?"

The next place I visited on my walk,
Was the dear old village blacksmith shop.

And when I came to the door, of course,
The brawny Smith was shoeing a horse.

And I said to myself as the anvil rang,
Out of all the world he is one Freeman.

Then I saw the place where the loafers gather,
For Iyan Porter in all kinds of weather.

And Daly, whether there's Snow or hail,
They carry it out in a Galvin-ized pail.

And as I hastened the door to pass,
I heard them say, "Philip (fillup) Simon's glass."

Then I met two ladies blithe and gay,
Their names were Engstrom and Brockway.

As I passed I heard one murmur low,
"Dot! dear Dot! Kennedy (can Eddie) go?"

And as I sauntered along, I heard
A melody sweet as any bird.

For Florence Connell, a singer rare,
An air from Faust was caroling there.

Then a sound set my pulses a-humming,
T'was Marguerita's ukelele strumming.

Just then the air grew Crisp and cold,
The clouds seemed rain and wind to hold.

I thought there'd soon be a Gehling (gale in) town,
So I hied me home and sat me down.

DOROTHY GEHLING, '17.

Class Biography

JAMES KENRICK WHETTON.

"Of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye,
And a most noble carriage."

Date of birth: Dec. 24, 1898.

Residence: Mark Lee Road, Needham Heights.

Class President, 1914-15-16-17.

Football, 1914-15-16-17, Mgr. 1916.

Baseball, 1914-15-16-17, Capt. 1915.

Track, 1914-16-17.

Hockey, 1916.

When "Ken" came from the Avery School, he was at once judged the most dignified member



of the class, and consequently was elected president, which position he has held for all four years. He has been equally popular with teachers and schoolmates, and has always stood well in his studies. "Ken" has an original way of adding some small item to any long-winded recitation of a class-

mate, and his peculiar hobby is to know the dates when the noted men in English literature died. However, he was elected business manager of the "Advocate" and has filled his position so well, that we think he would make a good business man. He intends to enter Dartmouth in the fall, and his future is a mystery.

JULIA CAMPBELL.

"A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
blushed at herself"

Date of birth: July 27, 1899.

Residence: Grant St., Needham.

Class Vice-president, 1914-15-16-17.

This quiet girl's motto fits her so well, that she needs no other introduction. Julia seldom speaks unless spoken to, but when she does recite, she rattles it off as though she had learned the book by heart, and so perfect has her work been, that she now holds the distinction of being chosen valedictorian. As far as we know, Julia's only social activity, was to blushingly invite a Senior to the Junior Party last year. Rumor had it she would then come out of her shell, but alas, she has gone back to her old ways again. We hope her course at Radcliffe will be a pleasant one.



NORMAN CRISP.

"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine."

Date of birth: May 13, 1899.

Residence: West St., Needham Heights.

Class Treasurer, 1915-16-17.

Football, 1914-15-16-17 (Captain) 1917.

Baseball, 1914-15-16-17.

"Cripp" has the distinction of being the fat man of the class, and although they say "Nobody loves a fat man", it certainly does not fit in this case. Up to recent date, he has shown no inclination toward the fair sex, but at last he has fallen a victim.

From various vague rumors about his being seen frequently in the vicinity of Central Avenue, and from his tired eyes and pale cheeks Monday morning, we should judge that he has fallen hard. Norman often slips off into a quiet snooze during the English period.

He intends to enter Dartmouth next September, and his ambition is to become a famous surgeon.



DOROTHY ENGSTROM.

"To be merry best becomes you; for out of question you were born in a merry hour."

Date of birth: Oct. 28, 1899.

Residence: Central Ave., Needham.

Class Secretary, 1916-17.

A willing and industrious lass is "Dot". Full of life, and always talking she has pursued her High

School course with vigor. After taking a different course each year, she at last decided upon the Commercial, and is now putting her knowledge into practice as a stenographer in a Boston office. "Dot" was famous for her parties during her freshman year, several social gatherings being held at her home. She has held the office of Class Secretary for the last two years, and intends to become a business woman, but those who know her probably think otherwise.



HAROLD SMITH.

"A merrier man within the limits of becoming mirth

I have never spent an hour's talk withall."

Date of birth: July 1, 1899.

Residence: Highland Ave., Needham.

Class Treasurer, 1914.

Football, 1915-17, Mgr. 1917.

Baseball, 1915.

Hockey, 1916.

Tennis, 1916.

Track, 1915-16-17.

Though he has held but one office, Harold has always taken an active interest in class matters.



He is particularly fond of an argument, and he questions statements and expresses his views so freely, that it has finally become almost a joke in the class. He and Snow raised such havoc in the lunch room that it is one of the reasons that it was discontinued. However, "Smithy" is a conscientious worker,

and in view of that fact was elected editor-in-chief of the "Advocate" this year. He stood fourth in the scholarship ranking of the class, and will enter Brown University in the fall, that is, if the William Carter Company will let him resign, for he says he runs the business now.

MILDRED BROCKWAY.

"You are fresh and sweet,
As the first flower no bee has ever tried"

Date of birth: Sept. 12, 1899.

Residence: Mark Lee Road, Needham Heights.

For some reason the girls of our class seem to be subdued, for here we have another quiet member.

Mildred's voice is so soft that she has a hard time making herself heard above the other classroom noises, such as Wye's gum, Ryan's vests, and Whetton's socks. She is quite fond of dancing however, and has been present at most of these social gatherings. One thing that we like about Mildred is that she is non-partisan, so that no one has any grounds for disliking her. No doubt she will imbibe some of the college spirit at Simmons, and become a regular rah-rah girl.



RAYMOND SNOW.

"Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds
Or bends with the remover to remove"

Baseball Manager, 1917.

Tennis, 1916.

Date of birth: Aug. 25, 1898.

Residence: Gage St., Needham.

As a modest and studious young man, "Ray" entered High School with no time nor desire for



the opposite sex, and bade fair to become a veritable book-worm. It was not for long, for he now has a string of *affaires-de-coeur* that would make bountiful material for a sensational novelist. But at last he is settled. He and Smith are never allowed to sit beside each other

in class, as it is difficult for the teacher to carry on the recitations above their din. Ray is a studious lad outside of school—if there are no dances going on—and holds third honors for scholarship. As he intends to become a mechanical engineer, he will enter M. I. T. next September; but for the rest,—ask Reta.

CONSTANCE TWIGG.

"Do you know, I am a woman?
When I think, I must speak"

Date of birth: March 21, 1899.

Residence: Webster St., Needham.

"Connie", as she is known by her friends, is a very industrious lass with a keen sense of humour.



She has always been so busy that we have had little chance to become well-acquainted with her. However, she expresses her ideas so emphatically, that we have always been aware of her presence. Although she considers dancing "a useless waste of time, money and energy" she is very fond of the theatre and

tennis, at which sport she proved herself an adept while a member of the short lived girls' tennis team. Most of our girls choose Simmons as their college and Constance is no exception to this rule. May the best of luck through the year to come help along her efforts.

CLIFFORD WYE.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

Date of birth: Oct. 26, 1899.

Residence: Peasant St., Needham.

Football, 1915-16-17.

Hockey, 1916.

Always with a desire to have some fun rather than study, "Tiff" has been one of the "live-wires" of the class. His closest companion has always been a chew of gum. He is happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow, and used to take great delight in getting fired from classes.

The war fever claimed him as its first Senior victim, and a short while ago he enlisted in the Coast Artillery, and was transferred to Fort Slocum, New York. We hope he is furnishing as much amusement there as he did here. Owing to the fact he left us so soon the above picture is the only one we could procure. Good luck in your Army career "Tiff".



CARINA CAMPBELL.

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns."

Date of birth: May 20, 1897.

Residence: May St., Needham.

"Katinka" joined our ranks in September, 1916, and chose the classical course for her line of study.

She has the remarkable ability to make a recitation out of empty air,—when necessary. One of her most pleasing activities is as a member of the "You-ka-lay-lee Trio", which holds weekly practice in the laboratory. Many good poems in the "Advocate" are the product of her pen. She is very fond of dancing and incidentally, judging from her equestrian dress at times, of horseback riding. She intends to enter Smith College in September.



PAUL RYAN.

"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."

Date of birth: Aug. 28, 1898.

Residence: Highland Ave., Needham Heights.

Football, 1915-16-17.

Hockey, 1916.

Baseball, 1915-16-17, Captain 1917.

For perfect physique, here is your man. Paul is a star athlete and noted for his love affairs.



The latter do not last very long, but oh my. A lad with the usual Irish wit, and with a faculty of making a hit with the fair ones, is this prominent member of our class. He is one of the Commercial students, and has received his diploma from the Remington Company for efficiency in typewriting. As a lover of a "roughhouse", he and Godfrey are constantly caressing and tapping each other with playful blows. Paul has already obtained a position with the American Radiator Company, in whose offices he will start work shortly.

GERTRUDE GALVIN.

"Her smiles along the way
Dispell the gloom in grey."

Date of birth:

Residence: Kimball St., Needham.

Always ready to laugh, "Gertie" laughs so energetically, that she should be careful lest she break

in two some day. She always dresses her hair in the latest mode, wears white shoes and all the other fixin's, so that Frank G. has finally fallen a victim to her winning ways. She has followed the Commercial course for four years and has lately left school to take a position in a public stenographer's office. Her friends wish her success in her chosen field.



GORDON STANLEY.

"As merry as the day is long."

Date of birth: Dec. 29, 1899.

Residence: Manning St., Needham.

Tennis, 1916.

"Red", coming from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School in Dorchester, joined our class when we were Freshmen, and although he is small, immediately made a hit with the girls. He is evidently a great believer in walking, as he is frequently seen walking the streets,—but not alone. He is an early riser, for he is generally the first one at school in the morning, and occupies himself mostly in talking to the feminine portion of our class.

He intends to enter Dartmouth in September and his ambition is to get married.



MARGUERITA LITCHFIELD.

"Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won."

Date of birth: April 8, 1898.

Residence: Coulton Park, Needham.

Secretary, 1914.

Another one of our quiet, studious girls is Marguerita, who has distinguished herself by receiving



the honorable office of Salutatorian. Last spring she seemed quite interested in Wesleyan University, and attended the Commencement Exercises there. Marguerita is an aspiring "Hula-Hula" maid as she has lately taken up the ukelele. This is not her only attempt at athletics, as she was a prominent mem-

ber of the girls' tennis team. Her name will be among the Freshmen at Wellesley College next year.

FRANK GODFREY.

"A loyal, just and upright gentleman."

Date of birth: Jan. 13, 1899.

Residence: Highland Ave., Needham Heights.

Football, 1915-16-17.

Hockey, 1916.

Baseball, 1916-17.

For natural wit and apt sayings we refer you to "Hank". Our class meetings have often been thrown into an uproar of laughter, by this smiling young giant, and it is said he is the central figure in the History class. "Hank" seems to have a natural aversion for studying, but he is really capable of good work if he would apply himself. He and Crisp were noted woman haters up to this year,

but when Crisp bowed his head to a petticoat, Frank followed suit, and their friends now take fiendish delight in making them feel uncomfortable, whenever they appear in public with their lady-loves. Frank's future is undecided; we hope he will succeed in whatever he undertakes.

HELEN FOX.

"I know you have a gentle, noble temper
A soul as even as a calm."

Date of birth: Sept. 20, 1898.

Residence: Great Plain Ave., Needham.

Helen is the stout member of our class and is

fortunately so good natured that she does not mind the many jests at her expense.

If any one should get hungry during school hours, we suggest that they go to her, for Helen always has refreshments to pass around. It is from this talented young lady that we get most of our poetry, and she is the author of our class ode.

Helen's course at Framingham Normal will fit her to be a teacher, and sometime in the future she may revisit Needham High in that capacity.



FREDERICK HOWARD.

"For a light heart lives long."

Date of birth: Sept. 8, 1898.

Residence: Chestnut Road, Needham.

Football, 1917.

"Happy came to us in the fall of 1916, and as may be surmised from his nickname he has a happy disposition. Most of his time in school is spent in fooling with the girls, and many of the cartoons in the "Advocate" are the product of his skilled fingers. Poor Fred has a hard time with his spelling, and it might be well for the professors at Massachusetts Agricultural College to give him a course in it next year.



PHILIP SIMON.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Date of birth: Dec. 24, 1898.

Residence: Central Ave., Needham.

Football, 1915-16-17.

"Shimpky" is a quiet and modest young man in school, but outside, this characterization hardly fits him. No one has ever seen him strolling around on moonlight nights with a girl, but "still waters run deep." "Phil" takes his time about reciting in class, and often invents some excellent new words in French. Next Fall, he intends to enter Boston University, where he will fit himself for a business career.



MURIEL KENNEDY.

"When she is angry, she is keen
And; though she is little, she is fierce."

Date of birth: Aug. 30, 1899.

Residence: Burnside Road, Needham Heights.

"Pat came to Needham in the fall of 1914, after attending the Girls' High in Boston. She has an exceedingly nimble tongue and is not afraid to use it. In English, she distinguished herself by forming a debating club of one, she being the chief member and arguing on every subject placed before us by Mr. Marzynski. She was forced to give up shorthand because of its effect upon her eyes, thus gave up

all hope of being a stenographer. She now wishes to become a Red Cross nurse, and we may expect a cablegram some day from "Pat", "somewhere in France."



ROBERT GREENWOOD ROPER.

"I am a man that from the first
Have been inclined to thrift."

Date of birth: March 30, 1898.

Residence: West St., Needham Heights.

Football, 1916-17.

Baseball, 1915-16-17.

Track, 1917.

"Bob" forms one half of the masculine element in the Senior commercial division. He is socially inclined and never misses a dance which is given in town, but the strange thing is, he seldom appears at two dances with the same Jane. "Bob" certainly is a firm believer in the maxim "Variety is the spice of life." He is industrious and thrifty and is one of Carter's afternoon force. He will probably continue to work in Carter's after graduating.



SADIE PORTER.

"With an eye ever open, a tongue that's not dumb
And a heart that will never to sorrow succumb."

Date of birth: Jan. 22, 1898.

Residence: Webster St., Needham.

A native of Nova Scotia, kind, and unassuming, is this gifted maid. Sadie's talent lies particularly in the short story field, and we urge her to become an author. How Sadie translates French so well is a mystery, and her exploits in History are equally famous. If there is any money left in the class treasury, the President might be kind enough to offer it to Sadie to pay for apparatus she has broken in

"Chem". Some still remember the day she tried to blow us up. Her future is a mystery, but as an English subject, she may become a war nurse.



STANLEY FREEMAN.

"The man who hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman."

Date of birth: July 15, 1900.

Residence: Central Ave., Needham.

Another of the quiet species is "Stan" Freeman, who has been with us since the ninth grade, and has always studied diligently. His great hobby outside of school is farming, and probably "Stan" will some day be the owner of a western ranch. He is always ready with a recitation on any subject. During study periods he frequently "chins" with his neighbors, especially with the one directly across the aisle. Massachusetts "Aggie" will claim him in the Fall.



FLORENCE CONNELL.

"Silence is wisdom;
I am silent then."

Date of birth: May 19, 1898.

Residence: Webster St., Needham.

Florence is another seldom-heard-from member, but we suppose she is saving her breath for her singing. We know she has much talent, as she has distinguished herself in the Assembly Hall, and at "Movie Night" held for the benefit of the Athletic Association. She seems to be very much interested in Dedham and Jamaica Plain, and may leave us soon to settle down in either place. She attends the Conservatory of Music, and her ambition is to become an opera singer.



ELSA FAUST.

"Two so full and bright—
Such eyes"

Date of birth: Aug. 29, 1897.

Residence: Webster St., Needham Heights.

There are some people who are too dignified to be addressed familiarly. Elsa takes the commercial course but we fear it is a waste of time, as she will not make a successful business woman. Her mind runs to higher planes such as being a second Pauline Frederick, or if that should fail, her ambition will be to make Lady Duff Gordon hustle for her reputation. Elsa is hopelessly in love with New York City, and no doubt, she will move there after graduation.



MARGUERITE FAUST.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low;
An excellent thing in woman."

Date of birth: Jan. 31, 1899.

Residence: Webster St., Needham Heights.

Marguerite, who came from the Avery School, has always been of a rather quiet and retiring



disposition. The brightest pupil in the stenography class, she was the first to receive her diplomas from the Underwood and Remington Typewriter Companies, for efficiency in typewriting. This clever young lady's ambition is to become the President's secretary and we trust she will succeed.

GENEVIEVE DALEY.

"There's little of the melancholy element in her."

Date of birth: Jan. 3, 1899.

Residence: Reservoir St., Newton Upper Falls.

Another quiet young damsel! all our girls are so meek? Perhaps they are afraid of the male members of the class. However, "Gen" enjoys herself outside of school,—so they say. She took part in the Prize Speaking Contest in 1916, and spoke very well. Genevieve ought to be a good school teacher and we are glad to hear that she will fit herself for her life work at Framingham Normal.



DOROTHY EDWARDS GEHLING.

"An admirable musician! O, she will
Sing the savageness out of a bear."

Date of birth: April 14, 1898.

Residence: Rosemary St., Needham, Mass.

Dorothy is another quiet girl. Except in the Assembly Hall on Friday, she is seldom heard.



Musically inclined, she has an excellent (?) voice, and has taken a four year course in harmony. We hope that her voice will grow stronger through her singing, as she is another who has difficulty in making herself heard when reciting. We strongly urge her to continue her music, as we can foresee a brilliant future for her in this line. Her ambition is to attend Framingham Normal, and become a teacher.

Class of '17

NEEDHAM HIGH CIRCUS

The strong man—"Ol' man" Ryan
 Bare-back-rider—"Fluffy" Carina
 The human skeleton—"Long Ken"
 A chorus girl—"Flo" Connell
 The fat man—"Fatty" Crisp
 The fat lady—"Skinny" Fox
 A Hula-girl—"Uka Laylee" Litchfield
 Ossified man—"Petrified Stan"
 Wild man—"Tiff" Wye
 Clowns—"Red" and "Happy".
 Kangaroo—"Hopping Alac"
 Laughing hyena—"Screamin' Jean"
 Bull—"Pip" Simon
 Jackass—"Nutty Bob"
 Parrot—"Phonograph Pat" Kennedy
 Lion tamer—"Princess Galvini"
 Snake charmer—"Mlle" Engstrom
 Cleopatra—"Queen Amanda"
 Siamese Twins—Faust girls
 Fortune teller—Senorita Gehling
 Barker—"Noisy Hank"
 Beautiful Lady—"Pretty" Mildred
 Midget—"Gen" Daley
 Contortionist—"Slippery" Julia
 Champion Pie-Eater—"Hungry" Twigg
 Teachers
 Tent-pole—A *Merry* one.
 Ringleader—"Professor Marzi"
 Water Carrier—"Larruping Larry"
 Ticket-taker—"Sassy Anna"
 Leader of the Ballet—"Gertie" Karnan
 Assistant Barker—"Gabby" Elson
 Trainers of the Contortionists—"Mme."
 Georgenia Kerr.
 Muleteer—"Mike"
 Chief Cook—"Blue-eyed Marie"

SNOW AND SMITH.

To Needham High

CARINA CAMPBELL, '17.

O here's to our Needham High School,
 And here's to the White and Green;
 Joy to the members, every one,
 Of the class of '17!

Here's to our yellow building,
 And here's to its dull inside,
 Here's to the well-known High School clocks
 That many a time have lied.

Here's to the ever-smiling Mike
 Who sometimes keeps us warm,
 And makes us glad that we're within
 When outside all is storm.

A pledge to our honored principal,
 Who's Merry in name and nature!
 His quiet, firm, and kindly ways
 Bespeak his nomenclature.

Here's to the teachers, every one,
 Who're helped to cram each head
 With knowledge that, some day, sure as fate,
 Will stand us in good stead.

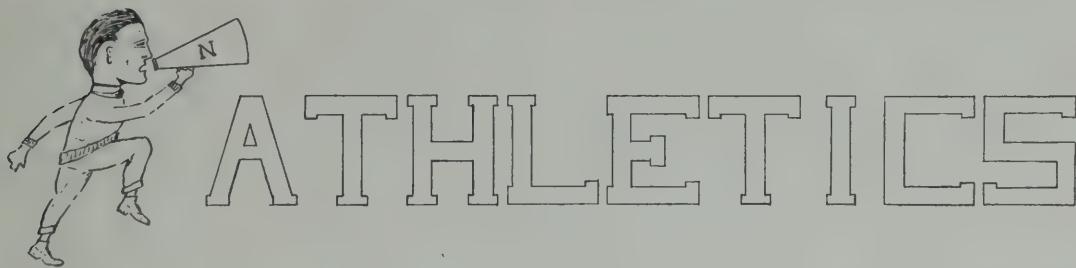
A last hoorah for the school all told—
 For teachers, for building, for students too;
 And may we look on the days spent here
 As the happiest we ever knew!

We've often seen it written,
 And we've often heard it said,
 That when we came to parting,
 We wish that we were dead.

But folks, just stop and think,
 Of what is up to you,
 When you are through with school,
 And things look mighty blue.

Don't think that you are clever,
 Don't think that life's a cinch,
 But when you come to duty,
 Just see that you don't flinch.

Pray keep in mind the thought
 Of friends and teachers dear,
 When you are far away,
 And we are staying here.



Needham had some football team,
And won most every game.
The season started off with pep,
And ended just the same.

Newton was surprised, you bet,
When Needham beat them up;
And Malden bowed their heads in gloom,
Like some poor, beaten pup.

Milford, we'll admit, was close,
But Belmont cancelled that,
And when we went to Framingham,
We made them tip their hat.

Lexington was just the same,
We showed up to the letter;
But when it comes to Norwood,
The less said is the better.

Needham then spruced up a bit;
Licked Watertown with ease,
And made that team from Concord,
Fall down upon their knees.

Natick made us hustle some,
But we knew how to fight;
And when we tackled Wellesley High,
We made them look a sight.

Stanley Freeman, '17

we were passed in our studies because we play football and baseball; they stated very plainly that we were. This is not true; we earn marks just as the other pupils. Your statement lacks proof—it is worthless—it is slander.

Instead of being criticized, our attempts to put the school on the map in athletics, as well as in scholastic standing, should meet with your approval. Still more, this person claimed that every pupil, excluding himself, is just drifting through school with the thought of killing time. If this were true, we would suggest that this person move away; then the school would be closed. This would be a great saving to Needham, and a reduction in the tax-rate, for which the good citizens clamor.

Criticism is a good thing to bring about a reform. But in that attack, there is no suggestion for reform,—instead it tends to give an impression that is wrong, because the argument is not based on facts.

N. Crisp, '17.



The boys who take part in athletics were unjustly *slammed* the other day in an editorial written by some feminine critic or sore-head male grind. They did not insinuate that

It is only too true that, in a football game, the linemen never get the praise they so well deserve. They bear the brunt of the game, both on offense and defense, and seldom have a chance to make a spectacular play. The general public, in speaking of stars, mention the backfield of a team, as their work is easier to see. Only a real connoisseur of the game watches with interest the obscure battle of tackle against tackle, guard against guard, and realizes how much the results of the struggles have to do with a halfback's glory. One who understands the game, realizes an end plays a battle of wits as well as of muscle, and to be successful, he must analyze every action of his opponent and the opposing backfield. What a fight an offensive center has, to hold up his end of the play, a spectator cannot realize, and so, we must in a spirit of fairness, tell of the work our linemen have done this season. Wye and Booth have worked together in perfect harmony on the ends, handled themselves cleverly, and played consistently throughout the season. No team we have met, has been able to gain around these ends. Captain Crisp has played a hard, rangy game at left tackle, often nailing the opposing backs before they got started. His work won him a place on the second all-interscholastic team. Richwagen at right tackle was also a dependable player and will be the mainstay of next season's line. Godfrey, at right guard, was one of our scrappiest and hardest players, his aim being always to get the "jump" on his opponent. Latham at left guard played a good game, especially since it was his first season at football. The position of center was hard to fill, though Roper was the final choice. He handled himself skillfully, and seldom allowed a gain through his position. It is only fair to mention the work of Delbert Staples, a freshman, who passed away last March. "Del" was a husky boy who gave great promise of being a star player in a few years. He was "Jim's" utility lineman, and a lad who could always be depended upon to do his part creditably. We also wish to mention the work of the other substitutes who all played their positions well

and showed they had the right "stuff" in them, when they were given a chance.

Let us, in closing, say that our line was a "jim-dandy" from end to end, and that it was their machine-like work which won our games.

On September 11, a squad of about twenty fellows, dressed in a strange variety of uniforms, reported for football practice on Green Field at 3:00 P. M. Coach Jim Grossman put the boys through some preliminary training for several days, before any team was made up. A week before the Newton game, however, he had chosen a first team and had put them through the straight plays and a few fake formations. The boys rounded into form rapidly, under "Jim's" coaching, and the following team was picked to face Newton High:

Wye, r.e; Ryan, r.t; Godfrey, r.g; Howard, c; V. Richwagon, l.g; Crisp, l.t; Booth, l.e; Smith, q.b; K. Whetton, l.h.b; Sullivan, l.h.b; Blades, r.h.b.

This lineup did not stand during the season, however, as Ryan was shifted to fullback, Richwagon took right tackle, Latham left guard, and Roper center. After the Lexington game, Smith and K. Whetton alternated at quarterback and halfback.

NEEDHAM 7—NEWTON 0.

On September 26, we journeyed to Newton for our first game, confident of victory, despite the fact that the Black and Orange had defeated us for sixteen consecutive years. The day was perfect, though the field was in bad condition, it being dusty and uneven, and covered with long grass in places.

There was no scoring in the first quarter, although Needham was within striking distance several times, only to lose the ball, each time, on downs. The Newton backs found that no material gains could be made through our line, so they punted every time they had a chance. In the second quarter, Smith piloted the team to Newton's 20-yard line. Here he attempted a drop-kick, which went into the line, and a Newton man recovered it. Newton punted, and again Blades and Whetton car-

ried the ball down the field. Smith made ten yards on a trick play and the half ended.

Needham sent the same team on in the second half, except that Jacobs took quarterback, and Smith fullback. For the first five minutes nothing decisive happened. Then Jakey suddenly ripped his way around left end, turned, retraced his steps, running parallel to the Newton line, then seeing an opening, zig-zagged his way to a touchdown, amidst the wild cheers of the spectators. Crisp kicked the goal. From then on, the Needham line, which had always been a stone wall on the defense, became an impassable barrier to the Newton backs. Crisp and Godfrey played a slashing game in the line, breaking through their opponents at will, and Ken Whetton, in the backfield, played a steady, consistent game, both on offence and defense. The Needham backfield was crippled to some extent, when Blades was sent from the field for alleged slugging, but fortunately, his services were not needed again, as our goal line was never in danger during the last quarter. Great credit is due the linemen, who grimly fought their way through the game, making victory possible for the White and Blue.

NEEDHAM 14, MALDEN 6

On Saturday, Sept. 30, the Needham High football team journeyed to Malden, supported by about fifty loyal rooters, and met the famous Malden team. The day was perfect, and although the field was level, it was rather wet in places. Needham lost the toss and kicked against a strong wind to Malden. Malden punted, and Needham recovered the ball on their 20 yard line. Blades and Ryan rushed the ball to their 30 yard line, where Needham kicked. The rest of the period was a punting game.

Near the end of the period Smith was replaced by Jacobs, because of an injury. The second period was a repetition of the first, and the half ended with the score 0-0.

In the second half Needham had the advantage of the wind, and the team set out for a touchdown. After three minutes of

play, Malden punted to Ryan, who dropped the ball, turned, picked it up and raced 70 yards for a touchdown, passing every Malden player on his way to the goal. He was given excellent interference on his run. Capt. Crisp kicked the goal. Needham kicked to Malden, who by steady rushing, carried the ball to Needham's 15 yard line, only to lose it on a fumble. Needham punted and again Malden advanced to our 10 yard line, where they were held for downs. In the third smashing advance, R. Murphy made a touchdown for Malden, but Capt. Hurley failed to kick the goal. The fourth period was spent in open play. With three seconds to play, Malden desperately tried a forward pass. Time expired while the ball was in the air, but Blades cleverly intercepted the pass, directly in front of a Malden player, and tore away for a touchdown. Capt. Crisp kicked the goal, thus making the score 14-6 in favor of Needham. Too much credit cannot be given to the Needham linemen, who made victory possible for the home team.



NEEDHAM 13, MILFORD 12

Having disposed of her two strongest opponents in one week, Needham opened its season at home on Oct. 7, by defeating Milford in a loose, uninteresting game. A large crowd of townspeople gathered to witness the struggle, because of the reputation we had already made. Milford started in hammer and tongs, scoring a touchdown in the first period, but the home team "came back," pounding their way to a goal shortly after. The ball then changed hands for the next two periods, in the middle of the field, without material advance one way or the other. In the third

period, however, the Milford quarterback flashed around right end for a score. In the last quarter, Needham retaliated, as easily as if they had been waiting for Milford to have their turn, before they took theirs. Had it not been for Capt. Crisp's worthy right foot, this game must have been a tie, for it was his kicking of a goal from touchdown that gave us the winning point. None of us shone particularly in this game, but it served to make us realize that we could not win on our reputation.

NEEDHAM 52, BELMONT 0

A holiday and a home game! Now was our chance to show our friends that it was not by accident we had beaten Newton and Malden. Such were the thoughts of the Needham boys, as they lined up against Belmont on the morning of October 12. We received the kick, and Smith steered the team to Belmont's 30 yard line, where he dropkicked a neat goal from a difficult angle. From then on, it was wholesale slaughter, Blades, Whetton, Ryan, and Smith, each crossing the goal line one or more times. The Needham linemen toyed with their opponents, and opened up holes that a cow could have walked through. During the second half, Coach "Jim" sent in several substitutes, who not only kept Belmont from getting into the danger zone, but succeeded in adding to the already large score. This game was very largely attended which no doubt had something to do with the fighting spirit of the team, enabling it to pile up their highest score of the season.

NEEDHAM 28, FRAMINGHAM 7

Still undefeated, we journeyed to Framingham on October 25, where a rough, hard-fought game was played. Needham scored early in the game, Smith carrying the ball across on a long line plunge, but Capt. Crisp failed to kick the goal. Toward the end of the half, O'Brien, a Framingham halfback, picked up a fumble and ran 50 yards for a touchdown. In the third period Jacobs, Sulli-

van, and Freeman, replaced Smith, Whetton, and Ryan, in the backfield. True to his reputation, "Jakey" started out at a wild pace, and succeeded in scoring two touchdowns, by thrilling dashes around the ends. In the last half, Freeman and Sullivan carried the ball up the field for a final score, tearing through the ragged Framingham line for long gains. A number of people from neighboring towns had come to see "Jakey" play in this game, as he made such a reputation last year, and the minute he entered the game he was greeted with wild cheers. Those who had come to see him play certainly were not disappointed, as he gave a wonderful exhibition of open field running.

NEEDHAM 15, LEXINGTON 6

On Saturday, October 28, we went to Lexington, and brought home the bacon to the tune of 15 to 0. We were minus our coach "Jim" on this trip, since he had gone to see the Maine championship decided, between Colby and Bates. Mr. Merry acted as coach on this trip, in his place. Needham won the toss, and kicked off to Lexington. Our opponents made fifty yards on the first play by means of a wide end run, but our boys settled down to business, and held them for downs. In the second period, by hard line plunging on the part of Blades, Whetton, and Ryan, we carried the ball up the field to the goal line, where Whetton was sent across for the first touchdown. Capt. Crisp kicked the goal. In the second half Needham rushed the ball for long gains, and would have scored again but for an unlucky fumble. A Lexington man picked up the ball but was nailed behind his own goal for a safety, thereby giving Needham two points. After this Lexington's line strengthened, but our boys rose to the situation, and held them off. In the final period, we again swept our way to the goal, and Blades carried the pigskin across the line for our second touchdown. The whistle blew shortly after.

NEEDHAM 0, NORWOOD 14

On Saturday afternoon, November 4, we met our first, last, and only defeat of the season, at the hands of Norwood High. We played rings around our opponents, and it was only because the "breaks" of the game went against us, that we were defeated. By straight, old-fashioned football, we advanced to Norwood's one-yard line, where the ball got loose from the backfield, and rolled along the ground. A Norwood end picked it up and ran 95 yards for a touchdown. Whetton made a desperate attempt to catch him, but was unable to pass the three Norwood men who followed their flying teammate as "interference." In the second half, Needham again marched down the field, only to have a forward pass intercepted by another Norwood man, who raced away, unhindered to the goal line. Needham tried again to score in the last period, but the game ended with the ball on our opponent's ten yard line. Noticeable features of the game were the hard line plunging of Blades and the defensive game of Ryan. Smith also made several good runs in the last period.



NEEDHAM 33 WATERTOWN 0

On November 11, we journeyed to Watertown in automobiles, and after a long ride reached the field. A cold wind was blowing, and our boys had difficulty in keeping warm. At the kickoff, Watertown swept us off our feet, and scored in a few minutes by a clever dropkick. They were no match for us, however, and when we got the ball, Blades smashed and twisted his way through the line, rushing

four and five times in succession, till he finally scored a touchdown. Now our fighting spirit was up, and our backs crossed the goal line time and again, while our linemen swept their opponents back yard after yard. In the last period Smith ducked through guard, and ran 35 yards, before two Watertown men downed him. Richwagen seemed very much amused, when he dropped his 180 pound opponent like a ton of bricks. Ryan, Whetton and Crisp were noticeable for their defensive work.

NEEDHAM 14 CONCORD 0

Needham met the heavy Concord team on Green's Field, Saturday, November 18. Needham kicked off to Concord, and they immediately began a steady advance toward our goal, but were held for downs on our twenty-yard line. Jacobs now took the ball, and immediately dashed away for a touchdown, but it was not allowed as he went out of bounds. The ball was then brought back to midfield, and by steady rushing, the White and Blue pushed the ball over their opponent's goal line. Capt. Crisp kicked the goal. During the second half Jacobs kept the crowd yelling by his spectacular field running, and in the final period tore down the field for his last touchdown for Needham. Thus ended the career of one of the most brilliant schoolboy open-field runners who ever tucked a pigskin under his arm, and there is no doubt but that his name will be heard in collegiate ranks. Capt. Crisp kicked the goal making the score 14 to 0 in favor of Needham.

NEEDHAM 9 NATICK 0

Needham went to Sunnyside Park, Natick, on November 25, to play the Natick High School, a game which is considered second only in importance to Wellesley. A large crowd of Needham rooters followed their home team into the enemies' territory, while the Natick team was also well supported. A very strong wind swept the field from end to end, so that one side was always at a disadvantage, especially on the offense. Natick had the advan-

tage of the wind in the first quarter, and although they kept the ball well along in our territory, were unable to score. In the second quarter, Whetton made several good end runs from fake formation, and Blades and Ryan made long gains on tackle plays. We were unable to score, however. In this period, McGlone, a one-armed Natick end, got into the game, and considering his handicap, did well.

In the second half, Needham recovered the ball on Natick's 12-yd. line, and in a few minutes brought it up to the one-yard line. Here Blades carried the pigskin over three times, before the officials would admit it a touchdown. Crisp missed the goal from a difficult angle. In the third quarter, Needham again plunged their way to within striking distance of the goal line. On a tackle-around play Crisp made a touchdown, but in doing so, he went out of bounds. Smith then stepped back and kicked a pretty field goal from the 25-yd. line, making the score 9-0. Natick played a hard game throughout, and the Needham boys agreed they had not played a cleaner set of fellows during the season.

NEEDHAM 20, WELLESLEY 0

For the first time in five years, Needham won from her old rival, Wellesley. The victory can be credited to Crossman's excellent coaching, and to the old Needham fighting spirit, which was so evident in every player who entered the game. Wellesley fought every minute, but they were no match for the hard plunging backs and the formidable line of the Needham team. Every man starred, and worked to win a decisive victory. The game started at ten o'clock, and notwithstanding the undesirable weather, a record crowd attended the much-looked-forward-to game.

Needham won the toss, and kicked to Wellesley's 30-yd. line, where the ball was downed. A drizzling rain now began to fall, making the ball very slippery. Wellesley fumbled on the second play, and it went to Needham, who after several small gains, lost the ball again on a fumble. Wellesley punted at once to our 30-yd. line, and after a few

unsuccessful line plays, we punted the pigskin back to our opponent's 25-yd. line. Wellesley now settled down, sending McCabe, their big fullback, through the Needham line for long gains. On our forty-yard line they fumbled again and Wye, picking up the ball, ran 55 yards for our first touchdown. As he crossed the line, the crowd went wild. Capt. Crisp kicked the goal. The rest of the period was devoted to a punting game, with neither side gaining an advantage over the other.

The second period also consisted largely of an exchange of punts, as both teams seemed unwilling to risk rushing the ball to any extent. Near the end of the half, Blades shot a long forward pass to Whetton, who placed the ball on Wellesley's 20-yard line. Again Blades sent a 15-yard pass to Ryan, who crossed the line for our second touchdown. Capt. Crisp kicked the goal. Score, Needham 14-Wellesley 0.

The last half opened with Wellesley kicking to Needham. We advanced the ball to their 30-yard line, only to lose it on downs. An exchange of punts gave us the oval on our forty-yard line, from where we advanced it to within 25 yards of our opponents' goal, and again we lost it on downs. Blades cleverly intercepted a forward pass, and on the next play, passed it himself to Booth, who scored our third touchdown. Capt. Crisp failed to kick the goal. In the last period, Wellesley completed a clever forward pass, and their man raced away toward the goal with only Smith in front of him. The crowd raised an awful howl, but the Needham lad downed him in his tracks, thus putting the cover on Wellesley's only chance to score. Then with Blades, Ryan, and Smith carrying the ball, we marched to Wellesley's five-yard line by a series of line plunges. Just then the whistle blew and the game was over.



1916 FOOTBALL TEAM

Top Row:—Crossman (Coach), Roper, Wye, Latham, Simon, Ryan, Sullivan, Fanning (Trainer)

Middle Row:—Richwagen, Blades, Crisp (Capt.), Godfrey, K. Whetton, F. Whetton

Bottom Row:—Smith, Staples, Howard, Booth



TRACK

For several years Needham has been practically unknown in track circles. It is not from lack of material, for we have an abundance of that at present, but because we have no home track, on which to run. Perhaps we could have had a track in time, if the school authorities had boosted field athletics, the way they have football and baseball. Track does not generally pay for itself, but sufficient money is made in the other sports to offset any slight draft that it would make on our funds. Well, the fact remains that we have not more than six boys who take active interest in this branch of sport. They may be the best we have, or they may not, but they are at least trying to put our school on the map in track.

About the first of January, Branan Jacobs began to train for running at the Newton Gym., as he was entered in the 600-yard run, at the B. A. A. Invitation Handicap Games, held at Mechanics Building, Boston, on February 3. On the night of the races, "Jakey" found himself in the first heat, among a lot of college lads, with a handicap of 22 yards. "Jake" must have been nervous, for he lost several yards in starting, and was soon running next to last man. On the bell lap, however, he let loose, and with a great burst of speed, tore past such men as Tom Halpin and Dave Caldwell, and thereby squeezed into third place. Then the finals. *Bang!* This time "Jake" sprang ahead into third place, and raced along with a pretty stride. A crowd from school were yelling at him, telling him how to run, but he didn't pay any attention. "Jakey" again let out in the last lap, and *tore* by De Kay of Syracuse, and McIllraith of the B. A. A., to break the tape a winner by five yards. His time was 1 min. 17 2-5 sec., as against the record of 1 min. 13 2-5 sec., made by Halpin, in 1914. This was a remarkable performance for a high school lad, and he well deserves his gold medal.

The following week the relay candidates, Roper, Whetton, and Ryan, went to Newton

with "Jake", while Smith and Sullivan started to train by running out of doors.

On February 17, we sent several candidates for track, into the Greater Boston Interscholastic games, at the Y. M. C. A. Roper, Whetton and Smith attempted the 50 yard dash, but did not place. Whetton started the 1000, and ran well for several laps, when his poor condition forced him to retire. In the mile, Godfrey tore around for two laps, then climbing up to his friends exclaimed, "Gosh! that must have been a hundred yard dash." The relay team, Jacobs, Roper, Sullivan, and Smith, running in that order, were defeated in a fast race by Hyde Park. Our boys were handicapped by being forced to run in sneakers, rather than spiked shoes, and were unable to do themselves justice.

The same night, "Jakey" ran in the 390-yard schoolboy championship race, at the Harvard-Penn-Dartmouth meet, in Mechanics Building. He ran away with his heat, but in the finals, found himself pressed by Talmadge of Huntington School. So close did these boys come at the finish, that the judges argued for ten minutes, before giving the prize to Talmadge.

Again our relay team made several trips to the Newton gym, to put the final touches on for our last race of the season. On one of these trips, Ken Whetton tried to sweep up the track with his running pants, while wearing them, but the pants proved too thin, and Ken ended by leaving half of the skin from his right leg on the track. This accident made it impossible for him to run, but "Jake" had entered in the 600, but had a bad cold, and did not feel in condition to attempt it.

On the twenty-fourth of February, the relay team went to Mechanics Building, Boston, where the B. A. A. Interscholastic Track Meet was held. Our race was called about 3.00 P. M., and after the toss up, Drummer Academy had the pole. Needham was number two, and Newburyport and Quincy High Schools, numbers three and four. Smith, our first runner, was put back a yard for being too anxious to start, but on the second bank he

took second place. On the last corner he rushed up beside the Drummer boy, who was leading, and in the mixup, Roper, our second man, got a bad start. He soon made up for it, taking first place at the third mound, and handing Sullivan a five yard lead at the finish. "Sully" charged around, tacking four more yards on to our lead, and sending, "Jakey," our anchor man away with a fine start. My, but "Jake" did breeze around that track, and when the smoke cleared away, we found he had broken the tape fifteen yards in the lead. The boys received silver medals for this race, and considering the difficulties under which they trained, they well deserved them.

We wish to extend our hearty thanks to the Newton High School, for allowing us to practice on their track, for without this practice, we could not have had a track team.

We believe that very few people, even our own townspeople, really know how many pupils attend our school. The total enrollment at the present time is one hundred and sixty-one; and of these, ninety-one are girls, and seventy-five boys. Very interesting is it, to compare these figures with those of other schools, with which we have athletic relations. Last fall our football team went through a very successful season, meeting with only one defeat. In every case the opponents came from a school larger than ours, and in some cases, the opposing school was seven or eight times as large as Needham. These facts give an idea of what handicaps our athletic teams

must overcome, and great credit should be given them for the successful showing they make in different branches of sport.

The football boys wish to express their appreciation of the kind services which "Doc" Fanning rendered to them during their strenuous season. Nearly every night of the week "Doc" might have been found rubbing the kinks out of stiff and sore muscles, in the High School locker room. Any one who has not been in sports can hardly realize what this means to the athlete, and how much it has to do with his playing ability. "Doc" cared for our physical welfare so carefully, that we were able to enter every game feeling in tip-top condition, and with no bruises to be careful of. This medical attention undoubtedly had a great deal to do with the remarkable success, with which we went through our schedule.

BASEBALL

Although our baseball schedule was cancelled at an early date, we did not have an unsuccessful season. Four games were played, three of which we managed to win, thanks to Mr. Marzynski and Mr. Damon, who coached the team.

Needham 9	Natick 4
Needham 17	Wellesley 11
Needham 14	Waltham 8
Needham 9	Wellesley 12



Whetton '17:—"Isn't Miss Lyons a pretty writer?"

Stanley '17:—"Pretty figur-er, too."

Miss K.—"Give the thirteenth amendment."

Miss Fox '17:—"The thirteenth commandment is"—

Miss Kerr:—"It has been said that the desks have been marked, and that the Seniors did it."

Crisp '17 (in an undertone):—"Well, we have to make our mark in the world somewhere."

Miss Kerr:—"What is polygamy?"

Godfrey '17—"Like a harem."

Wye '17:—"One wife is enough for any man."

Miss Kerr:—"I don't know about that, but any woman has her hands full with one man."

Miss Kerr:—"The marks are going down."

Godfrey '17 (in a gentle whisper):—"Sure, —down in the book."

Mr. Marz:—"To start a theme, how should you begin?"

Lewis '18:—"Begin at the beginning."

Godfrey '17—"Any man who would have more than one wife isn't a polygamist, he's a nut."

Miss K. (holding a Chinese laundry check):—"Does this belong to anyone here?"

Palmer '18:—"What does it say; I can't read it from here?"

Mr. Marz (impressing effect of certain

buildings on the emotions):—"Is there any building in the town that gives one a ghastly feeling when one enters?"

Wiseacre:—"The High School."

Miss K.:—"Write the tenth sentence on the board."

Pupil:—"I haven't quite finished my sentences yet."

Miss K.:—"How many have you written?"

Pupil (hopefully):—"I'm nearly through with the 1st."

Miss B. (Com. Geog.):—"Name a great forest product."

Miss Ryan '18:—"Hay."

Mr. Marz:—"Er—we should—er—always—er—avoid the use of—'er'—in speaking."

Miss H. '18 (famous for literal translations):—"And he threw his neck around his arms."

Miss Kerr:—"Why wouldn't it be wise to have convicts work in gold mines?"

Mc-sh '19:—"Gee, everybody would be convicts."

Miss Kerr:—"Which was the most important Samnite war?"

O-ne '20:—"The first."

Miss Kerr:—"Why?"

O-ne:—"Because without the first there wouldn't have been any second or third."

Mr. D-n:—"What is potassium cyanide used for?"

Wye:—"Suicide."

Mr. Marz-ski (giving spelling lesson):—"Miss Galvin, I can hear you think."

MEMORIES

I remember, I remember,
The high school tall and red;
The teachers and the pupils,
And all they did and said (?)
We never got to school too soon,
Or stayed at all to play,
But hurried out until the coming
Of yet another day.

I remember, I remember,
The clocks that wouldn't go,
Or if they did, they were too fast,
Or else they were too slow.
They never kept a steady pace,
Or told the proper time,
And their syncopated ticking,
Suggested hours sublime.

I remember, I remember,
The bells that wouldn't ring;
We have to use the fire-bell now,
And it's the noisiest thing!
It scares one almost half to death,
And fills one's mind with pain;
It makes one almost wish
He hadn't any brain.

And now my tale is o'er,
I'll not forget the past—
That dear old Needham High School,
I'll remember to the last.

Florence Sobiesky, '19.

Oh, your football team is neat,
 Needham High,
And at tricks you can't be beat,
 Needham High,
Your pupils never flunk,
And your teams are full of spunk,
But your wiring system's punk,
 Needham High.

My other jokes the goat ate up,
 And started in to run,
Said he, "I can not stop myself,
 I am so full of fun."

In days of old,
The tale was told
Of a school clock that would go.

Those days have gone,
There's now reform,
We would not have it so.

We need no clock
That goes tick-tock,
In accents sweet and low.

The clock is there,
The time is where?
Pray tell us, we don't know.

Isabelle Billings, '18.

JUST A JINGLE

A jingle, a jingle,
My heart doth desire;
My brain is near wrecked,
My soul is on fire.

Since this teacher of English
Came first into sight,
We've had to be busy
From morning till night.

There were themes upon themes,
Both oral and written,
Then with a plague
Called spelling we're smitten.

Then all of a sudden
Upon us was sprung
This jingle,—
Thank goodness, it's done.

Lucius Peck, '19.

Here I lie
On a mountain high,
Wondering whether to live or die,
But when I think
Of Needham High,
I cannot have the heart to die.

THE FLAG ON N. H. S.

The flag on Needham High School
Is worn, and tattered, and soiled,
And old.
That goes without saying.
It is four feet high
But only three feet long.
Oh! what can have befallen our
Poor flag?
E'en tho it is but three feet
Long,
The red is there,
And the white is there,
And the blue and the stars are there;
E'en tho it has
Shortcomings,
As to appearance,
Yet it still symbolizes
The spirit of America:
Bravery,
Purity,
Truth,
Independence.
When we look on that
Ragged and abbreviated banner,
Let us suppress our inclination
To laugh.
Let us rather
Remember the message carried so long by
the Red, White, and Blue.

Carina Campbell, '17.

EXCHANGES

(The exchange editor says these are the best he has seen this year).

A young fellow in college had spent his allowance and desiring to make the gentlest possible "touch" wrote home to his father in this fashion:

Dear Dad,

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Please send fifty;
I love you. —Jim.

Two days later he received the following reply:

Dear Son,

Roses are red,
Some are pink,
Enclosed find fifty,
I don't think. —Father.

There's a meter in music,
There's a meter in tone.
But the best plan to meter,
Is to meter her alone.

Mary had a little lamp.
It was well trained, no doubt,
For every time her fellow called,
The little lamp went out.

Ruth rode in my cycle car
In the seat in back of me.
It took a bump at 55,
And rode on "Ruthlessly."

I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurts, alack,
I think I'll go again tonight,
And give the blamed thing back.

—Record.

He called her pansy, lily, rose,
And all the other flowers of Spring.
Said she, "I can't be all of those,
So you must (lie like) li-lac everything."

Tradesman:—Your paper is one of the best all-round school magazines we have this year. Your exchange department, which abounds in clever criticism, is particularly well arranged.

Sassamon:—We admire your splendid literary department, but your athletic section seems weak.

Record:—You have a remarkably well-balanced magazine. Your cartoons and humor department are the best we have seen.

Item:—Your editorials are well written, but your paper is very poorly arranged.

ONLY HANDSOME FELLOWS
READ THIS!

nut, too.
ion of yourself. And to bite at such a chest-
Well! you've certainly got a healthy opin-
Math. Shark (waking up)—“What was the
crash?”

Wise Guy:—“Someone just dropped a per-
pendicular, that's all!”

She:—“How did you hurt your hand?”
He:—“Reckless driving.”

She:—“Auto?”

He:—“Nope, a nail.”

ORACLE

“Who led the children of Israel into Ca-
naan?” asked the Sunday school teacher.

There was no reply.

Teacher (sternly)—“Can no one tell? Here,
little boy, you tell me.”

Little boy (badly frightened)—“It wasn't
me; I just moved here last week from Miz-
zoury.”

Stew (standing before mummy in museum)
—“What does B. C. 192 mean?”

Dent:—“I don't know, perhaps the number
of the auto that hit him.”

What more knead be said:

“Perhaps,” said the boy to the stout lady
who found it difficult to rise in a street car, “if
they gave you more yeast when you were
young you'd have been better able to rise.”

“Perhaps,” she returned, “if they had given
you more yeast when you were young, you'd
have been better BRED.”

In Virgil class from a girl:—“Three times
I tried to surround me with his arms.”

Teacher:—“Now you must get these facts
in your mind, then you'll have them in a nut-
shell.” (Enuff said).

Miss:—“What is an epistle?”

Hopeful:—“Oh, it's the wife of an apostle.”

Teacher:—“Give a sentence with the word
'gruesome' in it, Johnny.”

Johnny:—“I can, Jim stopped shaving, and
'gruesome' whiskers.”

Adam:—“This book must have had appen-
dicitis.”

Eve:—“How can you tell?”

Adam:—“Why, its appendix has been re-
moved.”

Teacher:—“What book did you read?”

Pupil:—“I read 'Looking Backward'.”

Voice:—“He must have a rubber neck.”

History Teacher:—“Alexander the Great
was never defeated.”

Kid:—“Why, the Red Sox licked him last
Fall.”

Teacher:—“What did Caesar say when he
plunged in the Rubicon on his march to
Rome?”

Frank:—I think he said, ‘All in, boys; let's
make a clean start.’”

I see the Turkish army received a check
the other day.

Yes, they had to transfer from one bank of
the river to the other.

Captain (viewing middy):—“Well, boy, the
old story, I suppose; fool of the family sent to
sea.”

“Oh, no, sir,” piped the boy; “that's all
changed since your time.”

He:—“I'm studying Economics now. We
learned today that before 1810 the laborer got
only a dollar a day; do you think you could
live on that much nowadays?”

She (clinches):—“Oh, Harold! this is so
sudden!”

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The management of the ADVOCATE wishes to express its sincere thanks and gratitude, to all those who helped to make it a financial success. For the past two years it was thought advisable not to attempt to finance our paper by securing "ads." This year, however, we had no difficulty in persuading our liberal supporters to help us in this way. It is hoped that all our readers will patronize our advertisers, and assist us in establishing the motto, "It Pays to Advertise in the ADVOCATE."

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